



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

$$u = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}} - 1 \right) \quad (1)$$

$$u = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}} - 1 \right) \quad (2)$$

$$u = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}} - 1 \right) \quad (3)$$

$$u = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}} - 1 \right) \quad (4)$$

English School-Classics

With Introductions and Notes.

EDITED BY FRANCIS STORR, B.A.,

CHIEF MASTER OF MODERN SUBJECTS IN MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL, LATE
SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND BELL
UNIVERSITY SCHOLAR.

Small 8vo.

THOMSON'S SEASONS: Winter.

With an Introduction to the Series, by the Rev. J. FRANCK BRIGHT, M.A.,
Fellow of University College, and Historical Lecturer in Balliol, New, and
University Colleges, Oxford. 1s.

COWPER'S TASK.

By FRANCIS STORR, B.A., Chief Master of Modern Subjects in Merchant
Taylors' School. 2s.

Part I. (Book I.—The Sofa; Book II.—The Timepiece.) 9d. Part II.
(Book III.—The Garden; Book IV.—The Winter Evening.) 9d. Part III.
(Book V.—The Winter Morning Walk; Book VI.—The Winter Walk at
Noon.) 9d.

SCOTT'S LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

By J. SURTEES PHILLPOTTS, M.A., Head-Master of Bedford Grammar
School. 2s. 6d.; or in Four Parts, 9d. each.

SCOTT'S LADY OF THE LAKE.

By R. W. TAYLOR, M.A., Assistant-Master at Rugby School. 2s.; or in
Three Parts, 9d. each.

NOTES TO SCOTT'S WAVERLEY.

By H. W. EVE, M.A., Assistant-Master at Wellington College. 1s.
WAVERLEY AND NOTES. 2s. 6d.

TWENTY OF BACON'S ESSAYS.

By FRANCIS STORR, B.A. 1s.

SIMPLE POEMS.

By W. E. MULLINS, M.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College. 8d.

SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

By H. H. TURNER, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1s.

WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION: The Wanderer.

By H. H. TURNER, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1s.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

By FRANCIS STORR, B.A.
Book I. 9d. Book II. 9d.

SELECTIONS FROM THE SPECTATOR.

By OSMUND AIRY, M.A., Assistant-Master at Wellington College. 1s.

BROWNE'S RELIGIO MEDICI.

By W. P. SMITH, M.A., Assistant-Master at Winchester College. 1s.

GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER AND DESERTED VILLAGE.

By C. SANKEY, M.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College. 1s.

EXTRACTS FROM GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

By C. SANKEY, M.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College. 1s.

SELECTIONS FROM BURNS' POEMS.

By A. M. BELL, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford.

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS:

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON. By FRANCIS STORR, B.A. 9d.
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. By FRANCIS STORR, B.A. 9d.
HALLAM'S STUDENT LIFE. By H. F. BOYD, late
Scholar of

SOUTHEY'S

By W. E. M.

* The General

• 2s.

Marlborough College.

and in Thomson's Winter.

Cambridge.

Rivington's Mathematical Series

Small 8vo.

By J. HAMBLIN SMITH, M.A.,

OF GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE, AND LATE LECTURER AT ST. PETER'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Algebra. Part I. 3s. Without Answers, 2s. 6d.

Key to Algebra. Part I. 9s.

Exercises on Algebra. Part I. 2s. 6d.

[Copies may be had without the Answers.]

Elementary Trigonometry. 4s. 6d.

Elementary Hydrostatics. 3s.

Elements of Geometry.

Containing Books I to 6, and portions of Books II and 12 of
EUCLID, with Exercises and Notes. 3s. 6d.

Part I., containing Books I and 2 of EUCLID, *limp cloth*, 1s. 6d.,
may be had separately.

Elementary Statics. 3s.

Arithmetic. 3s. 6d.

Key to Arithmetic.

Book of Enunciations

FOR HAMBLIN SMITH'S GEOMETRY, ALGEBRA, TRIGONOMETRY,
STATICS, AND HYDROSTATICS. 1s.

By E. J. GROSS, M.A.,

FELLOW OF GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Crown 8vo.

Algebra. Part II. 8s. 6d.

Kinematics and Kinetics. 5s. 6d.

By G. RICHARDSON, M.A.

ASSISTANT MASTER AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE, AND LATE FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Crown 8vo.

Geometrical Conic Sections. 4s. 6d.

• Rivingtons • London • Oxford • Cambridge •



600083432Q

English School-Classics

SELECTIONS FROM BURNS

ENGLISH SCHOOL CLASSICS

With Introductions and Notes.

Edited by FRANCIS STORR, B.A.,

CHIEF MASTER OF MODERN SUBJECTS IN MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL, LATE
SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND BELL UNIVERSITY SCHOLAR.

Small 8vo.

Thomson's Seasons: Winter.

With an Introduction to the Series, by the Rev. J. FRANCK BRIGHT, M.A.,
Fellow of University College, and Historical Lecturer in Balliol, New, and
University Colleges, Oxford, late Master of the Modern School at Marlborough
College. 1s.

Cowper's Task.

By FRANCIS STORR, B.A., Chief Master of Modern Subjects in Merchant
Taylors' School. 2s.

Part I. (Books I. and II.), 9d. Part II. (Books III. and IV.), 9d. Part III.
(Books V. and VI.), 9d.

Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.

By J. SURTEES PHILLPOTTS, M.A., Head Master of Bedford School. 2s. 6d.

Part I. (Canto I. with Introduction), 9d. Part II. (Cantos II. and III.), 9d.
Part III. (Cantos IV. and V.), 9d. Part IV. (Canto VI.), 9d.

Scott's Lady of the Lake.

By R. W. TAYLOR, M.A., Assistant-Master at Rugby School. 2s.

Part I. (Cantos I. and II.), 9d. Part II. (Cantos III. and IV.), 9d. Part III.
(Cantos V. and VI.), 9d.

Notes to Scott's Waverley.

By H. W. EVE, M.A., Head Master of University College, London. 1s.

WAVERLEY and NOTES. 2s. 6d.

Twenty of Bacon's Essays.

By FRANCIS STORR, B.A. 1s.

Simple Poems.

Edited by W. E. MULLINS, M.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College. 8d.

Selections from Wordsworth's Poems.

By H. H. TURNER, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1s.

Wordsworth's Excursion.—The Wanderer.

By H. H. TURNER, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1s.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

By FRANCIS STORR, B.A. Book I. 9d. Book II. 9d.

Selections from the Spectator.

By OSMUND AIRY, M.A., Assistant-Master at Wellington College. 1s.

Browne's Religio Medici.

By W. P. SMITH, M.A., Assistant-Master at Winchester College. 1s.

Goldsmith's Traveller, and The Deserted Village.

By C. SANKEY, M.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College. 1s.

Extracts from Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.

By C. SANKEY, M.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College. 1s.

Poems selected from the Works of Robert Burns.

By A. M. BELL, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford.

Macaulay's Essays:

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON. By FRANCIS STORR, B.A. 9d.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. By FRANCIS STORR, B.A. 9d.

HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. By H. F. BOYD, B.A., late Scholar of
Brasenose College, Oxford. 1s.

Southey's Life of Nelson.

By W. E. MULLINS, M.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College.

RIVINGTONS: LONDON, OXFORD, AND CAMBRIDGE

ENGLISH SCHOOL-CLASSICS

POEMS

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

ROBERT BURNS

EDITED

WITH LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

BY

ALEXANDER M. BELL, M.A.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD



RIVINGTONS
WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON
Oxford and Cambridge

1876

280 . 0 . 47 .

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	Page 7
LIFE OF BURNS	II
TABLE OF LITERARY DATES	43
PECULIARITIES OF DIALECT.	45
SELECTED POEMS	49
SELECTED SONGS	94
NOTES	116
GLOSSARY	157

INTRODUCTION

THE following selections were chosen to make a book for fourth-form boys, and were intended to supply matter for about twelve lessons.

The first twenty poems were chosen for actual preparation at night, to be heard in form, read, and commented upon. The table of literary dates was added as affording a series of texts on which the teacher might enlarge orally, and which might help the scholar to see within small compass and in the order of time the literary predecessors, contemporaries, and successors of Burns. By occasional essays it would be easy to test how far the pupil had profited by such oral remarks and illustrations.

The songs were not selected to be learned or commented on in the same way as the poems, which will account for the small number of notes on the text of the songs. They were intended rather for use in the way of reference, to illustrate the life and character of the poet, the versatility of his imagination, the keenness of his vision, the depth of his feeling, and the truth of his thought.

It is possible that true admirers of Burns may look in these selections, and be disappointed not to find poems which they rightly consider to be most characteristic of their author. Nor can it be denied that *Tam o' Shanter*, *Death and Doctor Hornbook*, *Captain Grose*, *Halloween*, and *Holy Fair* are essential elements in any adequate conception of the poet's many-sided nature. Nor would the editor deny that a boy may read these poems in private and get much good and no harm from them. But if such a reader should open this book, will he ask himself whether these poems do not possess much which unfits them to be the medium of teaching delivered orally to a number of boys? Few of the more powerful minds of Burns' generation wrote *virginibus puerisque*; and yet there cannot be better literary training for boys and girls than the vigour

of the elder, the simplicity of the younger minds of that generation. The aim of the editor was to select such pieces as would enable boys to see that Burns, side by side with Cowper, and at some distance from Crabbe, was foremost among the English poets who, after a long period of silence, spoke out a poet's message in a poet's native language. The selections made seem not only sufficient, but best adapted to show that simplicity and truth, generous feeling and a manly independence of character, are the groundwork of poetry, and are natural to all ranks of men.

This is the primary object of these selections : to illustrate by his own work what was most valuable in the life and thought of Burns, and to point out his position as one of the first reformers in English poetry by the introduction of direct and simple thought, which he himself perpetually calls the 'language of the heart.'

A second object was one of moral teaching : to point out the truth of the saying, "*On a toujours les défauts de ses qualités.*" The intellectual application of this proverb is always suggestive, and its moral application can never be more touchingly or more visibly illustrated than by the tragic failure of Burns' life. In listening to the voice of immediate feeling lay his strength and very poetic existence ; but by doing more than this, by obeying the voice of immediate feeling, his character turned and changed until he lost the control of his will.

A third object was to make as much use of the dialect as possible. To all who study the dialects of Scotland the massive learning of Dr. Jamieson supplies a mine of information. But Jamieson lived at a time when the rational study of language was little understood. Dr. Johnson had had the sagacity to observe that 'there is no tracing the connection of ancient nations but by language ; and therefore I am always sorry when any language is lost, because languages are the pedigree of nations.' This last sentence might stand as the motto for many of the philological and historical discoveries of this century ; but Jamieson had not the power of applying the motto, and frequently draws wrong conclusions from the facts which he amply supplies. Mr. J. A. H. Murray, to whose works the editor wishes to acknowledge his obligations, has pointed out the harm which Jamieson

did in speaking of the 'Scotch language.' He lived at a time when the works of Burns and Scott had quickened the national feeling of Scotland ; and it seemed natural to him that the people who had a distinctive history, as well as distinctive laws and customs, should also have a national language. A mistaken principle in a person of such authority spreads far ; and his learned writings are to blame for false popular notions on the nature of the Scotch people and the Scotch dialect. It is frequently supposed that the Lowland Scots are akin to the Highlander in race, and that the Lowland dialect is either akin to the Gaelic, or is a vulgar deterioration of the language which educated people speak. The facts are different. The main body of the Scotch people (Scotland from the Cheviots to the Forth, perhaps almost to the Tay) are of Saxon descent as truly as the men of Yorkshire or of Lincoln ; and the Scotch dialect is a Saxon dialect more or less akin to the Northumbrian, which, though fallen from its former position and power, still preserves in its decay certain early words and remnants of declension with great tenacity, and retains the strong pronunciation of vowels and of gutturals with a remarkable distinctness. The base and substance is Teutonic or English ; but a peculiar interest attaches to the study of the dialect from this circumstance, that it has retained a considerable admixture of words, construction, and pronunciation from the Gaelic, and of words from the French.

Words of Gaelic origin have entered the language in two ways. They have sometimes been introduced bodily from the Highlands, where they flourished in their natural state. Such words are *bard, clan, claymore, corrie, sen-nachie, pibroch, loch, glen*, and the like. A more interesting class of words have assimilated themselves with the Lowland dialect from earlier times. The west of Scotland, even in the south, was peopled by Scots and Irish, various tribes of Celtic race. The people of Galloway are of Celtic race, though centuries have now elapsed since a word of native Celtic was spoken in Galloway. But no spoken language ever dies away without leaving behind something of its life ; it leaves behind local pronunciation and local idiom. The editor is not a Gaelic scholar ; but he would almost be surprised to find that the use of

middle verbs, of which Burns is so fond, is not due to the traditionary influence of Gaelic in the west and south-west of Scotland. Besides such relics, which need an exhaustive learning to discover, we find in the Lowland dialect certain words of Gaelic origin which have not been grafted or artificially sown, but have sprung up naturally upon the Lowland soil. Such words are *collie*, *lyart*, *sonsy*, *cranreuch*, *kebar*, and others.

The words of French origin are due to the time when France and Scotland, owing to their common hatred and jealousy of England, were on terms of intimate alliance. Such words frequently, as might be expected, relate to domestic comforts and the service of the table, as *awmry* ('almoire,' cupboard), *jistycor* ('juste au corps,' a close-fitting coat), *ashet* ('assiette'), *carafe*; but many also are of more general meaning, as *fashed*, *dour*, *douce*.

An interesting analysis of the Lowland dialect might be made, apportioning to various words their place, according to their Teutonic, French, Gaelic, or English origin; for with the Reformation the English of the south invaded the 'English of the northern lede,' and has ever since remained as the language of devotion, even among the peasantry whose converse is in 'braid Scots.' The notes and glossary indicate the lines on which such a study should proceed; for the study of words in their historical aspects is peculiarly fitted to the mental state of a boy's growing mind. He cannot grasp character, except under partial and therefore false lights; nor can he analyse the combinations of history and politics. The history of a word affords a narrower sphere; the facts are all seen; the beginning, middle, and end of an argument appear in small but clear lineaments. Such analysis both charms and strengthens the mind, and has an educatory value, because it trains a boy, within the limits of words which are familiar to him, to advance from the known to the unknown, to the surmised, to the discovery.

In conclusion, I should wish to acknowledge the debt which these pages owe to Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, to Chambers' *Life and Works of Burns*, to Alexander Smith's *Life of Burns*, to the lectures and criticism of Mr. Stopford Brooke, and to the advice and inspiring conversation of Principal Shairp, of St. Andrew's University.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS

I. ALLOWAY, MOUNT OLIPHANT, LOCHLEA.

IN a clay-built cottage, not far from the banks of Doon, near Ayr, Robert Burns was born, on the 25th January, 1759. His parents were not called Burns, but Burnes or Burness, and this form of the name is still retained by their relations in Kincardineshire, the original locality of the family. William Burness, the poet's father, was a poor farmer, who through a long life struggled with poverty and hardships, and was worsted in the struggle. His wife, Agnes Brown, was not without gifts: she had a cheerful temper and a lively wit, and her memory was stored with the old songs and ballads of Scotland, the love of which was therefore in a manner innate to the poet. The mind of William Burness was of a lofty cast; he brings to our mind the ploughman of the *Canterbury Tales*—

“A true swinker and a good was he,
Living in peace and perfect charity.”

He was reserved, and did not mingle much with his neighbours; indeed there was something about the life and manners of the whole family which distinguished them from the class in which they moved. A story is told of a girl who, entering their cottage at meal-time, found to her astonishment every one of the family seated with their food in one hand and a book in the other. In spite of the pinch of poverty, William Burness made every endeavour that his children should not grow up without education. Robert, when five years old, was sent to a school a mile off, at Alloway Mill. Next year William Burness united with some of his neighbours to engage Mr. William Murdoch to come as a resident tutor,

and teach the children of their several families in turn. Murdoch's pupils at Mount Oliphant, the farm to which William Burness had now removed, were Robert Burns and Gilbert, a younger brother of the poet. He taught them to read, write, and spell; he drilled them thoroughly in English grammar, and exercised their ingenuity by making them turn English verse into English prose.

- When Mr. Murdoch left, their father undertook himself the education of his boys. Father and sons had been working all day in the field, and talking freely together on all subjects. Still with nightfall labour is not over; the arithmetic-book is brought down from the shelf, or the geographical grammar, or Derham's *Physico- and Astro-Theology*. Love of knowledge and love of labour were inherent in the old man, and subordinate only to his love of his children and his desire that they should grow up confirmed in virtuous habits. When Robert was fourteen years old, his father thought that he and his brother were backward in their handwriting. To remedy this they were sent to the parish school of Dalrymple, two or three miles distant; but funds were scarce, and the labour of both lads could not be spared, so they were not sent together, but Robert one week and Gilbert the next. Next year Robert paid a visit of three weeks to his old tutor Murdoch, who was now a schoolmaster at Ayr. This time was spent partly in revising his English grammar, partly in acquiring a knowledge of the rudiments of French. "We attacked the French," says Mr. Murdoch, "with great courage."

The lad returned to work in the harvest-field, and so brought to a close his school-education and his boyhood. As a boy he impressed people differently. His father prophesied his future eminence: "That lad will be something, if he grows to be a man." The tutor, on the contrary, thought that of the brothers Gilbert shewed most promise. A few anecdotes of Robert's boyhood are preserved. He had received from a blacksmith a copy of Blind Harry's *Life of Sir William Wallace*. He read the work with great fervour, and found that his hero, hard-pressed, had gone

"To the Leglen wood when it was late,
To make a silent and a safe retreat."

The Leglen wood was four or five miles distant from

Mount Oliphant; but thither one fine summer Sunday the boy walked, anxious to explore every cave or hollow which might have afforded shelter to the patriot.

For the next two years Robert was his father's chief labourer on the farm. The family was in distress; rent was in arrear, and they were forced to 'thole the factor's snash.' Poorly fed, and doing a man's work before he had a man's strength, the poet laid the seeds of much of his future ill-health. Company he saw little or none, save his father's family and the labourers on his father's farm. One of these acquaintanceships deserves more than a passing notice. When he was fifteen, he tells us, his fellow-labourer in the harvest-field was Nelly Kirkpatrick, the blacksmith's daughter. She had an artless way of singing to herself as she lifted the sheaves and tied the grain. Young Robert, in the neighbouring furrow, was a silent listener; but as they stopped at meal-time, or came homewards in the evening, the girl would ask him to pull out of her hands the thistles and pricks which had gathered there as she worked. The lad did so; but as he held her fingers, he felt himself touched by a new feeling, and going home he wrote his first love-verses. These verses remain, and are in several ways remarkable. She is 'clean and neat:' clean, be it observed, not the opposite of dirty, but 'with well-shaped limbs and neatly dressed;' for the boy who writes is no awkward clown or ordinary peasant, but one who all his life abhorred everything of a slovenly or slattern appearance. Again her innocence and modesty have, he says, 'touched his heart;' and here, in the first verses which he wrote, appears the secret of his future strength and weakness. The voice of 'the heart' was ever with Burns imperious; it came with a strength which no force of outward authority could weaken, no after-reasoning could check—

"The heart's aye the part aye
That keeps us richt or wrang."

The last words of the poem—

"For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control,"

were written in a fervour of passion, and are a forewarning of the manner in which the poet, by habitually surrendering himself to the impulse of passion, and by giving vent to

the imperious language of the heart, sometimes rightly and sometimes wrongly touched, did in after years lose altogether that power of self-control which might have been his, and would have given a more fixed unity and purpose to his life.

His seventeenth summer was the poet's first prolonged absence from his father's house. He was sent to Kirkoswald to learn mensuration and surveying. Mr. Rodger, the village schoolmaster, had the reputation of being a good mathematician. The studies were distasteful, but the boy made some progress. He also found here, among other books, a copy of Thomson's and of Allan Ramsay's poems; these he read with avidity, and with a growing desire to emulate their fame. But the men and women he met at Kirkoswald had probably more influence on his mind than the books he found or the learning he gained there. The district was remote, the laws severe, and smuggling was rife. There was thus engendered a class of men of mingled habits. They were simple, rustic farmers; they were ignorant and superstitious, and prone to lawlessness and dissipation; and yet there was not wanting a touch of nature which made them akin to Burns. Such a man was the tenant of Shanter, a farm in the neighbourhood of Kirkoswald.

The anecdote which most characteristically marks this residence is the following. Another lad had been sent to Kirkoswald at the same time and for the same purpose as Robert Burns. His name was William Niven, the son of a respectable shopkeeper in Maybole. The two lads, with the other village boys, engaged enthusiastically in leaping, wrestling, putting the stone, and similar sports. But they were also intimates; and in their walks would raise speculative questions, and maintain opposite sides. The fame of these debates spreading reached the ears of their schoolmaster, Mr. Rodger. This mathematician was not a wise man. In open class he sneered at the conceit of the two lads, who thought they could settle what wiser brains let alone. He asked for the subject of one of their nonsensical discussions. He was very respectfully told that the last question discussed had been, "Whether a great general or a respectable merchant is the most valuable member of society?" The dominie laughed prodigiously *at what he pronounced a very silly question.* "Well,"

said Robert, "do you take which side you please, and let me take the other, and let us discuss it now before the class." The dominie consented, and taking the side of the general, began to lay down the law. When he had done, young Robert took up the other side, and ere long it was plain that the scholar was a greater master of dialectic than his teacher. Mr. Rodger tried to reply, but his voice shook, he stopped abruptly, and broke up his class.

The summer over, Robert returned to his father's house. This was now changed from Mount Oliphant to Lochlea, a larger farm, in the parish of Tarbolton. Here for four years he remained—till the age of twenty-two—working laboriously on his father's farm. He here became independent: he received from his father an annual wage of £7; and from this time to his dying day he was never in debt, and never borrowed money save once, on his death-bed, in circumstances, as will appear, of great sorrow.

His mind had hitherto been receptive with more than the ordinary receptivity of childhood: he had lived apart from all society. A new epoch now begins; he mixes with the world, and the contact makes his mind productive. The above capitulation of events may make these two-and-twenty years seem dull and dry; yet to those whose chief pleasure is to see the consequence in the cause, they are the most interesting years of his life. He has never yet deviated from the laborious and virtuous life, which the precept and the example of his father alike enjoined. The *Twa Dogs* and the *Cottar's Saturday Night* are two companion pictures which reveal to us different aspects of the poor farmer's life. The first depicts the sorrows of his father's house; the hard, unremunerative work; the factor's angry letters which set all the household in tears; and withal, the consolations which a reflective mind supplies. The second portrays the innocence and affection, the piety and content, the uprightness and independence, which may grace the cottage of the poor. William Burness left no money to his sons, but he left them the better legacy of a noble and self-denying character—of a life spent in poverty and trial, but consoled by piety, and adorned by a love of knowledge, and by unparalleled exertions to equip his children suitably for the moral and intellectual, as well as for the material, struggle of life.

At Lochlea his powers began to mature. He had brought

from Kirkoswald a collection of English songs. This was his constant companion : he read it as he walked to his work, and as he drove his cart home. At this time, he says, poetry was 'a darling walk for my mind.' Among the pieces he now composed is a lyric, beginning—

“ Oh, Mary, at thy window be ! ”

verses which combine depth with tenderness of feeling, and evince a felicity of expression, always the indication of a subtle humour.

This growing activity of mind was not exerted in only one direction. Recollecting perhaps his speculative discussions with William Niven, Robert, in conjunction with his brother Gilbert, and five other young men, established a club in Tarbolton, to be called the Bachelors' Club. The members were to meet once a month, and debate on a subject proposed at their last meeting. One of these subjects has been preserved ; it is written in Burns' handwriting, and was probably proposed by him : “ If a young farmer may marry either of two women—one with fortune, without personal attraction, who can yet manage the household affairs of a farm ; the other with every attraction of person, conversation, and behaviour, but without fortune—which of them shall he choose ? ” Such a question may be more suited for private thought than for open debate ; but it cannot be denied that it was a question of very vital moment to the ordinary lives of the young lads who discussed it. The club had a serious purpose. ‘ The bowl ’ was not indeed forbidden ; but the expenses of no member were ever to exceed threepence.

So far all is good and sound ; but other symptoms begin now to appear, which do not give the same indication of solid, inward strength. Chief of these was his attitude towards religion. His mind was indeed deeply religious—of this his writings contain abundant evidence—but for the religion which he heard preached in the Old Light or New Light pulpits of Ayrshire, and for the professors who were loudest in condemning their neighbours' lives on religious grounds, he had no sympathy, but an unfeigned abhorrence and contempt. He too had his theory of the relation which exists between the soul of man and his Maker. He learned this teaching from the *life that he saw*, and from the ‘ language of his heart.’

He was taught from the pulpit, with something of a painful iteration, that the heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." At all events, his neighbours began to respect his abilities, but to mistrust his religious principles. They were right. Burns was tinged with the scepticism which was then 'in the air;' and his manner of expressing his disbelief was undignified and indiscreet. He courted the 'country clash,' and liked to be thought different from other people. No admirer of his genius can but lament that he mixed himself as he did with the squabbles of the country clergy; nor again is it easy to believe that his pen gives a fair picture of the Presbyterian Church in Ayrshire. Granted, superstition and folly were to be found there as elsewhere; but was there not to be found in the public worship as then established something of that fervent piety which he had seen and heard in his father's house, and which has always been practised in the life if not in the doctrines of the Church of Scotland? This, however, anticipates a few years.

At Lochlea also the society of women began to have a great attraction, or rather a resistless power over him, and he was very frequently in love. His agitation, both of mind and of body, was at such times very great. He composed verses on every girl in the parish separately, and then made a poem on them all together. Then, as if his own love affairs were not sufficient, he became, like Richardson, the confidant in the love affairs of all his neighbours. Among these various flirtations there was one of a more serious aspect than the rest. He was sincerely attached to a young girl named Ellison Begbie; she was a small farmer's daughter, not rich or beautiful in person, but attractive from her mental gifts. Four of his letters to Ellison remain: they are remarkable letters, utterances not so much of a simple affection as of a mind which has looked over the varied scenes of life, and estimated the characters of ordinary men, and claims for its own natural abilities and love of virtue a superiority over both. Again he appeals to his heart: "The language of the heart is, my dear Ellison, the only courtship I shall ever use to you." Ellison, however, was not convinced, and refused his hand, which was at the time a severe blow.

It is difficult to pass beyond this period of his life with-

out a sigh of unavailing regret. He had as yet done nothing worthy of repentance; his affections centred strongly in his family; his conversations with his brother Gilbert, as they led the peats home, were as witty and lively as they ever were, and they were warmed and lightened by a genial glow of honest and simple feeling, which was afterwards dimmed by contact with the world, and by indulgence in evil habits.

II. MOSSGIEL. (1784-1786.)

The life at Lochlea contained unsteady elements; but the next year, the poet's twenty-third, did more to upset the balance. He went to the seaport-town Irvine to learn flax-dressing. Little good came from the flax-shop, which was burnt to the ground at a new-year merry-making. Serious harm—harm which was never repaired—came to the poet from an acquaintance whom he met here; this was one Richard Brown, a seafaring man. From him the poet learned to think and to speak lightly of immoralities which he had hitherto held in abhorrence. "Here he did me an injury." The injury was not done to Robert Burns only, but also to the generations which have come after. The late Dr. Norman Macleod, when engaged in parish work, found that the farmer or labourer, when confronted with his immoral conduct, sheltered himself always with the words 'Robbie Burns.' Nor is it easy to pass by without pain that portion of Burns' life, after which it was more and more certain that he would in his life and writings represent not only the virtues and nobility of the class from whom he spoke, but also their lower and more ignoble nature. At Irvine, however, he found a book which had as much influence upon him as perhaps all the rest of his reading. This book was Fergusson's poems. They stirred within him a spirit of emulation, and he went home determined, not to rival Fergusson—that he thought far beyond his power—but to catch, as Fergusson had done, the 'manners living as they rise,' and to chronicle in verse the history of mankind as he himself read it when 'stalking up and down, unnoticed and unknown, in the fairs and markets' of Ayrshire. The *relationship* between Fergusson and Burns is peculiar, *and worthy of notice*. The elder poet supplied the form,

the younger the substance. It is from Fergusson that Burns took two of his most favourite metres. *The Holy Fair* is produced on the model of *Leith Races*; *The Cottar's Saturday Night* on the model of *The Farmer's Ingle*. There are also in Fergusson's poems many passages, on reading which the words at once rise to the mouth, 'Burns had this in his mind when he wrote so-and-so.' Next rises a feeling of wonder how out of so little he made so much. It is strange to see at once so much resemblance and so much difference. The form may belong to the older poet; but the power of thought, the thrilling language, and the breadth of handling, these are altogether new.

Early in the year 1784 William Burness, thin, grey, and bent with labour, at last departed to his rest. Among his last words was an expression of fear for the future conduct of one member of his family. "Oh, father, is it me you mean?" was Robert's appeal. The answer was, "Yes;" and the son received it with a swelling bosom and floods of tears. The affairs of William Burness were in ruin. His two sons, Robert and Gilbert, saved a little from his effects by reckoning themselves among their father's creditors for arrears of wages. Thus scraping together what little money they could, they rented together a new farm, Mossgiel, in the parish of Mauchline.

This farm was during the two ensuing years (1785-6) the scene of an activity which is difficult to parallel in the history of literature. It was here that those verses were written which endeared the poet to his own generation, and have not since lost their power. Let us picture to ourselves the poet or the farmer—it is to be wished that he had taken the same pride in the second title as in the first—as he was in his creative moments, when he was true to the 'better voice within.'

Near to Mossgiel flows the river Ayr between her wind-ing banks. On a summer evening it is his favourite walk.

"The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her
Till by himsel he learned to wander
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
And no think lang!
O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!"

The stern and rugged aspects of nature had more power over his spirit than her quiet and peaceful moods. The violence of the storm, the force of the driving clouds, impressed him at once with feelings of the majesty of the Creator, of the vanity of human distinctions and the littleness of human life, and of man's companionship with other animals, created, like himself, under conditions of subjection to powerful and immutable laws. On such night he writes by his fireside—

“Listening the doors and winnocks rattle,
I think me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O’ winter war,
And thro’ the drift, deeplairing, sprattle
 Beneath a scar.

“Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That in the merry months o’ spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o’ thee?
Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
 An’ close thy e’e?”

Or is it Sunday afternoon? The week has been spent in severe labour, and the two brothers are in the habit of looking forward to this time for enjoying quiet repose and a walk together. On one such walk Robert repeated to his brother the whole of the *Cottar’s Saturday Night*. It was a picture of their father’s home, the father whom they had so lately laid in the grave, who is himself described in the “lyart haffets wearing thin an’ bare,” whose solemn words, “Let us worship God,” fall familiarly on the brother’s ear. Gilbert was ‘electrified by the recital.’ It is no wonder. It must have struck him with a strange feeling of awe to find that he had been for years on terms of the closest intimacy with his brother, and had still had no conception of the thoughts which were heaving in his heart and forming in his brain. Again, it must have struck him with the force of reality, that all the time of their quiet life at Mount Oliphant and Lochlea they had been living among the characters and scenes which it is the business of a genuine poetry truly to reflect.

See him again at the plough, turning aside from the *rough bur-thistle*, the emblem of his country; or stopping

to sympathise with the mouse's sorrow, the fellow-mortal whose winter lair has been destroyed by the 'cruel coulter;' or, most pleasing of all, see him on New-Year morning entering the stable with a wisp of hay in his hand to give his old mare the good wishes of the season, and the promise that he will not cast her out when she is old and unable to work any more.

Again, he has been lamenting over his inability to succeed as a farmer; his indolence "about the great concerns which set the busy sons of care agog;" his incapacity to be thrifty by a close supervision of his servants, and by the distasteful labour of driving hard bargains. What is his present life? A vain catching at the passing pleasure of the hour; there is no guiding aim. What may his future be? The life of a wandering beggar, roaming from house to house. Ere he goes to rest for the night a vision appears to him, whereby he is told what his aim and purpose in life should be. As he sits musing by the fireside the image of a woman appears to him, clad in a mantle, on which are emblazoned scenes from the past and present of his country's history. She is Coila, a deity presiding over his native district, come to tell him that his life hitherto has been spent under her watchful eye. He may not equal the greater poets of his country; still there is a life yet in store for him; and solemnly she wreathes his brow with holly, saying—

"Then never murmur or repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one:
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of Man,
With soul erect,
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect."

However true these pictures are, they give but a onesided view of the poet's character. They say nothing of the black eyes which flashed with contempt and bitter scorn as often as they glowed with melting tenderness. They

say nothing of the scorching power of satire, which was never unattended by a ribald vein ; nothing of the unsparing wit, which always struck its mark, laying the enemy low, and then trampling him in the dust. They say nothing of a strain of coarseness which pervades much of Burns's most powerful writing. They say nothing of certain verses in which the author wickedly exults in his sins ; nothing of a deep discontent with the social distinctions of this life, and of a rebellion against the manner in which the wealth and prizes of this world are distributed. All through his life this discontent appears. He tries to reason it down. In his poetic, his truer moments, he rises above it into the 'serener air ;' but it always returns, making him untrustful and capricious, till at times it seems to eat his very soul away, robbing him of his faith in God, and depriving him for the time of his universal sympathy with the joys and sorrows of mankind. None knew better than himself that the remedy to this disease of mind lay in his own heart and at his own door. He knew that this was an enemy not to be reasoned with, but worked down ; that these questionings were a riddle which could only be satisfactorily answered on the "*solvitur ambulando*" principle. He knew that he had a double life to lead—the poetic and the ordinary life ; for the poetic life does not supersede the ordinary life, though it lies above it. A poet is not separate from, still less does he despise his neighbours and their works. He feels as they do, he works as they do, he lives as they do. But he does more : to their ordinary life he superadds another, an ideal life, "not movèd or corrupt as these same be, but infinite in beauty." Neither is this ideal life 'far from us ;' it is based upon and it embraces the ordinary life, and strives with an untiring energy to ennoble our daily life and thought. To whomsoever strength is given to live this life firmly, consistently, unweariedly, through evil report and through good report, discontent becomes an impossible thing. He knows that, however humble his sphere, however imperfect his efforts, still he is a worker, and a fellow-worker with that which is good.

The farm of Mossgiel was not a success. The soil was sour ; the land lay high ; they had successive bad seasons ; *they planted bad seed* ; their crops were failures. Ruin

stared the brothers in the face. The truth is, Gilbert was not a very good farmer, and Robert was a very bad farmer. On going to Mossgiel he had determined to amend, and pay attention to business, to attend markets, and to study stock. He bought a memorandum-book for farming entries. Here is one—

“Oh why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill-forboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five foot nine;
I'll go and be a sodger.”

Granted, he was skilful, and took pleasure in holding the plough. He was happy, like Odysseus of old, to “mow the long day down the swathe;” but success in farming demands more than this: there must be no waste; there must be a maximum of labour, and a minimum of expenditure; that which is most necessary must never be put off. Above all, a farmer must live with his eye on the future; nothing must happen to him unexpected or unprovided for; he must never ‘make mistakes;’ never ‘find himself forced’ either to buy or to sell unless the article and the price are alike suitable to him. Such exertions are not unworthy of a poet, nor are they in any degree inconsistent with the poetic life; but Burns did not make them. Mossgiel was a failure. Added to this, his own folly and want of self-control had made him generally unpopular in the district, and, worse still, had brought upon him complications of sin and sorrow, rage and remorse.

Sick of life, anxious by change of scene to escape from himself, he determined to seek a voluntary exile, and actually entered into an engagement with a Dr. Douglas to act as bookkeeper on his estate in Jamaica. One thing prevented his going; he had no money, and nine pounds were necessary to pay the passage-money. Some friends suggested that he should publish the verses which he had lying by him in the drawer of a deal table at Mossgiel. To this proposal he lent a very willing ear. His verses had already gained him a name on the countryside; they had brought to their author the admiration of some, the fear and hate of others; they had gained him the notice of many, and the intimacy of several men of position. Above all, he was desirous, eagerly and unwisely desirous,

of fame, and proudly conscious of his own superiority ; he knew that his writings had merit, and more than ordinary merit.

At this time Burns met, at this time he parted from, his Highland Mary. She came upon him when his love elsewhere was unrequited, his worth disregarded, his person shunned by his neighbours ; nothing seemed his steady companion save remorseless ruin.

“ All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
But love is far a sweeter flower,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.”

Their acquaintance rapidly ripened into attachment. Often has the story been told how the lovers met upon the banks of Ayr, and with the close of day parted, standing one on each bank of the stream, and exchanging Bibles across the running water, in token of the sanctity, the purity, and the perpetual flow of their love. Mary Campbell left Ayr, and died in Greenock, far from her lover, and far from her home. The news affected Burns much, and his love for her did not, like many of his attachments, quickly die away.

In June, 1786, the poems were published in Kilmarnock. The sale went on briskly ; Burns was about twenty pounds in pocket, and took out a steerage passage in a vessel which was to sail from Greenock to Jamaica in the end of September. Fortunately this was not to be. The poems had been but a few months published, when the first edition (600 copies) was sold off. The sale was chiefly local ; but the admirers of the poems belonged to all classes of society. Mr. Ballantyne, of Ayr, advised that a second edition should be published, and published in Edinburgh. Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, gave the same advice, and prophesied for the poems a larger circulation than anything of the kind had ever met with in his time. Gilbert urged the same course ; and acting on these suggestions, Burns gave up thoughts of the West Indies, and on the 18th November left Mossiel *en route* for Edinburgh.

III. EDINBURGH. (1787-1788.)

It will not be amiss to picture to ourselves the man Burns as he appeared before his most learned and dignified contemporaries. Walter Scott, then a boy of fifteen, but old enough to be much interested in his poetry, met him one evening, and forty years afterwards wrote this recollection of him: "His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect perhaps from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I should have taken the poet, had I not known who he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school; *i.e.* none of your modern agriculturists who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gude* man who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of strength and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say, literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty.

"His dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak *in malam partem* when I say I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station or information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly."

To this there is little to add. He stood five feet ten inches high, but the labours of his early days had bent his shoulders slightly. His chest was broad, and his

frame powerful ; his face was neither elegant in feature nor inelegant, but expressive of a natural strength and force. His 'black een' were remembered by those who remembered nothing else about him.

On the 28th November he reached Edinburgh. He hired a lodging in the Lawnmarket, for which he paid three shillings a week. Without delay he made preparations for a second edition of his poems, which received strong patronage from the *literati* of Edinburgh, and from the country gentlemen of the west of Scotland. One of his first acts was to ask leave of the magistrates of Edinburgh to erect a tombstone in Canongate Churchyard to the memory of Robert Fergusson, his elder brother in misfortune, and, as he humbly supposed, 'by far his elder brother in the Muses.' Leave was readily granted, and the following inscription may yet be read on the tombstone—

"No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
 'No storied urn, nor animated bust ;'
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

His warm sensibility tended always to idolise all those whose works or fate excited his feelings of sympathy or admiration, of pity, gratitude, or love. This visit to Edinburgh was in every sense remarkable both to himself and to history. We have seen his past life—first utter seclusion, then a free social intercourse with farmer and labourer, sometimes also with smuggler and tramp. From this life he is brought face to face with the most learned and polite society of Edinburgh. The literates of Edinburgh were then distinguished for strength of intellect, for an affectation of the English manner both in speech and writing, and for a formal and dignified courtesy. These men and women Burns electrified by his conversation ; and he electrified them by the same means as he had electrified his brother Gilbert, by the strength and sagacity of his natural judgment, by the modest firmness with which he expressed his opinions, and by the fearless flow of language which would at one moment race along in a flood of resistless merriment, and at another heave and swell with admiration which enforced *sympathy*, and with a tender pathos which enforced tears.

A few months ago and his mind had been driven almost beyond the bounds of reason by the friendlessness and ruin which pressed upon him from without, and by the remorse which stung him from within. A few weeks had written the word success upon his poetry. But here is a severer trial; a social success which stands without a parallel. He met with much hospitality and notice. Foremost in real understanding and generous feeling was Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' the leader of taste in the Scotch metropolis. In an article in the *Lounger* he asserted that more was due to these poems than a passing cry of wonder; they possessed power in themselves, the power of genius to trace the manners and paint the passions of men, and to draw the scenery of nature. He ended by an appeal to the wealthy and powerful on behalf of the "heaven-taught ploughman who had from his humble and unlettered condition looked on men and manners with an uncommon penetration and sagacity." To Burns this praise must have been uncommonly sweet, for he had long admired the 'Man of Feeling.' For a time his popularity was uninterrupted. Lord Glencairn was his friend; the Duchess of Gordon, one of the most beautiful and charming women of her time, asked him to her house. He was frequently in the house of Lord Monboddo, whose daughter, Miss Burnet, he admired much. The inhumanity of Lord Monboddo's eccentricities probably disgusted him, otherwise they might have found something in common; for Lord Monboddo was fond of the country, and delighted in the name of Farmer Burnet. He was much with Dugald Stewart, who has recorded a conversation which they had during a morning's walk on the Braid Hills. The Professor pointed out the beauty of the distant landscape: the grey hills of Perthshire, the undulating line of the Ochils, the firth studded with islands, and the rich plain of Mid Lothian at their feet. "Yes," said Burns; "but," pointing to a few cottages on the opposite slope of the burn which ran at their feet, "I consider these to be the finest object that we see; for I know the worth, the affection, the pious contentment and happiness which is to be found within them." This anecdote is characteristic of the manner in which Burns regarded the outward world. He did not go to Nature to be taught; he did not seek to find in the

world around us an indwelling Spirit, which is imbued with endless variety of life, and has, according to the various aspects and moods of Nature, various lessons to teach mankind. He had none of this Nature-worship. He exclaims—

“O Nature! a’ thy shews an’ forms
To feeling, pensive hearts have charms;
Whether the summer kindly warms
 Wi’ life and light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night.”

And in these verses we notice two things; first, the catholicity of his sympathy. He does not, as vulgar people do, compare the merits of one natural scene with those of another, as if Nature were undergoing a competitive examination; but he approaches Nature, not to learn from her, but that she may feel with him. Nature is for him a sympathiser or a servant; not a teacher or a mistress. To return to Edinburgh. Amid all the excitement of popularity, amid all the enjoyment of new scenes and new society, Burns never for a moment lost his head. True to his Muse’s calling, he ‘preserved the dignity of man.’ He never claimed more, and he never claimed less, than was due to himself, a poet of Nature’s school. In previous years he had given all the powers of his mind to form a just estimate of himself; and now in a blaze of popularity and fame he could weigh himself in the same scales. “I set as little,” he writes, “by princes, lords, clergy, critics, and the rest, as all these respective gentry do by my bardship. I know what I may expect from the world by-and-by—illiberal abuse, and perhaps contemptuous neglect.” Besides, in his conversations he spoke ‘from his heart,’ and it must have been somewhat lacerating to feel that these free utterances were not received with the same openness of heart. He knew that he was weighed by them; that they were all criticized and but half understood; and as he suffered daily from the would-be kindness and officious patronage of commonplace but successful people, he weighed them also in the same scales as he had used before. Often, probably, as after some grand dinner he trudged home *somewhat wearily* to his lodging and *half-bed* (for an

acquaintance shared his bed) in the Lawnmarket, the lines which he had written two years before, at the quiet fireside of Mossiel, must have recurred to his mind (is it too wicked to suppose that the conversation of the author of Dr. Blair's sermons may have made him more keenly sensible of their truth?)—

“A set o’ dull, conceited hashies,
 Confuse their brains in college classes !
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak ;
 An’ syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o’ Greek !”

Meanwhile time was passing, and he was effecting little; idleness was bringing in dissipation. We are told that the *bucks* of Edinburgh effected for him what the *boors* of Ayrshire had been unable to do. The most real effect of his prolonged stay was, that he was sowing in his heart seeds of bitterer and bitterer discontent, which were afterwards to grow up and bear fruit. A second edition of his poems had been published, and the accounts between Creech the publisher and himself were still unsettled. He had as yet no definite home, and determined to make a tour through the Border Counties of Scotland, with the object of visiting scenes memorable in the history of his country, and celebrated in the songs of poets, sprung, like himself, from the midst of the people. In company with Mr. Robert Ainslie, a clever young lad to whom he was warmly attached, he left Edinburgh on the 5th May, 1787, and coming southwards, visited Dunse, Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose. On the bridge over the Tweed at Coldstream Burns knelt, and fervently offered up the prayer for Scotland contained in the last two stanzas of the *Cottar's Saturday Night*. Reaching Dumfries on the 4th of June, he was made an honorary burghess of the red town, the ‘Queen of the South;’ and on the 9th of June he reached Mauchline.

How strange the meeting with his mother, brother, and sisters. “Oh, Robbie!” was, we are told, all his mother's greeting; words of joy and pride, not perhaps unmingled with regret, that he had not come home sooner to share his triumph with the hearts who had first admired him, and who loved him best. The seven months of his

absence have indeed worked a great change. He had left in doubtful circumstances; he returns an acknowledged power and presence in his native country. Besides, he has money in his pocket, which must have seemed a strange piece of good fortune for any of the name of Burns; for from the second edition of his poems he received first and last nearly five hundred pounds. After spending some time in Mauchline, he returned to Edinburgh, and at once started upon a second tour. His companion upon this occasion was Mr. William Nicol, a master in the High School, a man of some attainments, but irritable and vain. They went northwards; but the object of Burns was still the same, to visit the scenes memorable in Scottish history and song, and to collect such fragments, either of verse or of melody, as he thought worthy of preservation. They visited Stirling and Bannockburn, where again, over the hole in a blue whinstone, where Robert the Bruce fixed his royal standard, Burns offered up a fervent prayer for 'Old Caledonia.' Passing through Perthshire, they were entertained by the Duke of Athole, at Blair. They went on to Inverness and Culloden, and in returning dined, or rather one of them dined, with the Duke of Gordon, himself a writer of several Scotch songs. They visited Aberdeen and Montrose, in the latter of which towns some of Burns' relations lived. He had never seen them before, and was received with real kindness and cousinly feeling.

He also took two shorter tours during this year. In the first he visited Loch Lomond, and in the second Dunfermline Abbey, where the body of Robert Bruce is laid. Returning to Edinburgh, he lodged in St. James' Square with Mr. William Cruikshank, who was, like Nicol, a master in the High School. He had still to settle affairs with Creech, and to find a farm on which once more to begin work. Winter was drawing on; nothing was being settled; and in this state of idleness he met a lady whose acquaintance with him formed a strange episode in his history.

This lady was Mrs. MacLehose. She had been deserted by her husband, and was living and educating a family on small means. After an acquaintance of one day, a *correspondence* arose between the two. Burns' letters to *her*—which he signs Sylvander, while she is Clarinda—

seem, now that eighty-eight years are gone, to be the very extravagance of bombast. Mrs. MacLehose however did not think them so; and her letters are much more simple and sensible. That Burns admired her is certain; that she loved Burns is also certain; and there is also a probability, not far removed from a certainty, that Burns, not only in his letters, but in his conversation, which 'carried her off her feet,' gave her good reason to suppose that he looked forward, as she certainly did, to a time when the obstacles which prevented their union might be removed. We may blame him in this; but can we feel as he felt? We do not know what the temptation of the moment was to one who felt so keenly and saw so vividly as he did. We know that he did not do very well; we do not know what he resisted.

On the fifth of March, 1788, Burns accepted from Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, a lease of the farm of Ellisland, which lies on the banks of the Nith, about five miles above Dumfries. From the profits of the second edition he lent £180 to his brother Gilbert, to carry on the farm at Moss-giel. He wrote as a farewell to Clarinda that charming song, "Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;" and in the latter end of April he was privately married to Jean Armour, a Mauchline girl. They had been acquainted now for some years, and were sincerely attached, though their acquaintance hitherto had been productive chiefly of sorrow to them both.

IV. ELLISLAND. (1788-1791.)

Ellisland is a lovely place; it is the very chosen home of a poet. The farm lies high, and the steading is upon an eminence close to the river's bank, and commands a view both up and down. Looking upwards, the narrowing valley is enclosed on every side by the folding lines of hills of a pastoral aspect, not very lofty, not very rugged. Downwards the valley opens, and the eye is caught by long reaches of the river winding along through leafy groves and fertile fields of rich alluvial soil. The blue hills, the purple heather, the yellowing corn, the green meadow-land, and the silver channel of the stream, mingle and blend in an assortment of colours at once soft and rich.

Here then Burns had, as all have in life, another chance, another start. Everything was in his favour. He was young and strong; he had a farm of his own choosing, at a rent of his own naming; he was removed from every scene and every company which might have embittered his mind or led him astray. Above all, his marriage had been a right and just act, and had cost him, and not unnaturally, some self-sacrifice; but it had brought him a peace of mind which had long been banished from his heart, and a greater measure of fixity of resolution. His new responsibilities narrowed his path, and set clearly before him the limits of his future life. Increase of responsibility is, as a rule, to a vigorous mind, increase of strength and power.

Of Jean Armour it may be well to say something. She was tall, like one of Homer's heroines, *καλή και μεγάλη*, and of a florid cast of beauty. Her learning was little; she had read her Bible, and few books besides. Many of her husband's most beautiful songs were written in her honour, and in reading or singing them she took great pleasure. Her admiration for him was unbounded; and her forgiving disposition excites our admiration. At the same time, as she had no measure of his mind, she was not in the highest sense a helpmeet for him. His poetic life she could not understand or share, and consequently she could not guide or control his ordinary life. However, she performed her duties, as she knew them, well, and her life also must have been in many ways a life of silent self-sacrifice.

Ellisland then began with 'golden days.' He made his resolves

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife."

He was laborious, and went 'binding after his reapers.' His mind also was active. He established a library for the use of himself and his neighbours, and was at pains to select good books. He read systematically, with the purpose of writing dramas. It is for his own sake to be wished that he had fulfilled this purpose, as the continued thought and continued work would have had a steadying effect on his mind. That he would have added to his reputation by writing dramas is by no means so certain.

He is never at his best except when he writes in his native dialect. Any other language is unnatural to him, and soon is twisted into bizarre extravagances. This is very evident in his letters, on which too much praise has been lavished. As a lad he had come across a *Collection of Letters* by the wits of Queen Anne's reign. These as a lad he desired to rival, and they remained in his mind as models all his life. Now, for a man to write letters with the notion that he excels in that style of composition, is to write bad letters—letters, at least, which have lost a natural and simple grace. When there is added to this the fact that Burns wrote in a language which was in a manner foreign to him, it will not be wondered that his letters have a modish and bombastic style. From this criticism a few very noble passages are exempt; and even in his most bombastic letters, when rightly interpreted, is to be found much that is 'germane to the matter,' and will give a clue to the success and the failure of his life. Now, had Burns written dramas, he would probably have written them in this acquired language, and they would probably as literary efforts have been only temporary successes; but the gain of writing sustained pieces, the new interest and new purpose so supplied to him, would have been beyond calculation. It is also conceivable that the breadth of his intellect and the brilliancy of his powers might have achieved lasting successes in this line, as they had done in others; and we cannot but regret that his pen has left nothing which was the offspring of sustained and continuous thought.

In these conditions and responsibilities—we have said nothing of the greatest, *Scotica monstror fidicen lyræ*—and amid these activities, Burns was happy: he has left on record that his first year at Ellisland was the happiest portion of his life. This happiness might have been lasting, could he only have made his farming 'pay;' but he early saw that there was a great probability of his being unable to do this. The remark of James Corrie, his neighbour, deserves quotation: "Faith, how could he miss but fail, when his servants ate the bread as fast as it was baked? Consider a little. At that time close economy was necessary to have enabled a man to clear twenty pounds a year by Ellisland. Now, Burns' own handiwork was out of the question; he neither ploughed, nor sowed,

nor reaped, at least like a hard-working farmer ; and then he had a bevy of servants from Ayrshire. The lasses did nothing but bake bread, and the lads sate by the fireside and ate it warm with ale. Waste of time and consumption of food would soon reach to twenty pounds a year." Burns, as sagacious probably as Mr. Corrie, began to feel this, and to fit his bow with a second string.

During his year in Edinburgh, Mr. Graham, of Fintry, had given him an Excise Commission, by presenting which to the Excise Board he could at any time obtain employment. This he now determined, not without bitterness, to do ; but having made up his mind, he was very careful and very successful in the execution of his duties as a 'gauger,' "a poor, rascally gauger, condemned to gallop two hundred miles every week, to inspect dirty bonds and yeasty barrels."

We are told, and it is true, that the 'order of society is not so unjust as might at first sight appear ;' but when we think that the time of Robert Burns, during those years of life when the faculties are strongest, was spent in riding thirty-five miles a day through a rough, moorland district, to inspect candles and tobacco, whisky and beer, we are at a loss whether to laugh or to cry. At this distance of time he seems a public character, and one who had deserved well of his country. It was a time when many disintegrating influences were at work. America had achieved her freedom ; France was in a state of commotion and upheaval ; England was filled with excitement and with discontent. Old men, as they heard the news of Saratoga and the cruelties of Hastings whispered in the ear, sighed for a Wolfe and a Clive, for the days of Pitt, and for the glory of England. The young, more enthusiastic, looked to the future, and with the impetuosity of youth thought that the time was now ripe for an entirely new phase of political life ; that various nationalities, with their petty jealousies, should now be swept away, and that the civilized people of the earth, one in government and one in purpose, would ere long form a 'brotherhood of nations.' Others, taking a more prosaic

not less sober view of things, were justly discontented with the inequality of the laws, the oppressiveness of the tax, the rankling remembrance of Lord North's policy, and the diminishing probability of reform in

finance or in representation. Finally, there was a large proletariat, nursed in ignorance and misery, and ready to listen to any scheme of spoliation, violence, and crime.

In this state of society the writings of Burns had appeared with a conservative and a binding power. He had taught the rich the pride, the independence, the worth of the poor; he had taught the poor that happiness and content are not to be found with wealth alone, but that they depend upon a moral life and an exercise of intellectual faculties, as open to the humble as to the high. Finally, among both rich and poor, among all classes, he had created a new national feeling, a joy and pride in Scotland, which had threatened for ever to die away. The old national feeling was based upon fear. After the battle of Pinkie, we are told, there were few houses, gentle or simple, throughout the Lothians who did not mourn for a lost member. We can imagine how a society which thus suffered together should also be united by a strong national tie. But this feeling was based upon the fear of a great and powerful neighbour. The national feeling which Burns more than any other man created was of a different kind. It is based upon a love of ancient memories, a natural love of locality, and a passionate worship of freedom. He had made every man 'benorth the Tweed' proud of the scenes, the history, and the manners of his native country. Further south his invigorating influence, the 'fresh air' of his verse, had been felt also. Wordsworth, whom few could touch, had been touched; and Cowper had generously expressed his admiration.

If this be a true view of English society in 1789, and of what Burns had effected, the country lay under a debt to him; and the minister who spent hundreds of millions on a fruitless war, might well have spent a few hundred pounds in giving ease, time to think and to write, to a national poet. Regrets are proverbially unavailing. Robert Burns became an exciseman, and in April, 1791, the stock and crop of his farm were sold. But we cannot leave Ellisland without a final word of parting. It was here that he wrote *Tam o' Shanter*: he wrote it in one day. There is a farm road along the steep bank of the Nith; this was his favourite walk. Here he had been the greater part of the day, when in the afternoon Mrs.

Burns went with the children to join him. He was busy 'crooning to himself,' and his wife stepped aside into the broom. She was soon struck by the 'strange and wild gesticulations of the bard, who now at some distance was agonized by an ungovernable access of joy.' He was reciting, with tears rolling down his cheeks, some of the verses which he had just composed.

Here also he wrote the lyric *To Mary in Heaven*, in the frosty gloaming of an October evening. On another twilight evening of April he was, as he was wont, pacing up and down, when a wounded hare came bleeding by him, calling forth his "*sæva indignatio*." At Ellisland also were signs of a better and more ordered life. He lived, as a rule, simply, taking his meals with his servants; he conducted family worship, as his father had done, instructing his servants; he was a frequent attendant in the parish church, and a welcome guest with all his neighbours.

But it was not to be. The 'independence at the ploughtail,' of which he had often boasted, he could not find; and in November, 1791, he removed with his family to Dumfries.

V. DUMFRIES. (1791-1796.)

The clouds which had appeared on the horizon at Ellisland are gathering now, to close in utter gloom. His life, both outward and inward, grows more and more painful to imagine or narrate. He is an excise officer, and his income is £50 a year, or in exceptional circumstances £70. No longer in the mornings does he greet the linnet, smell the fragrant birch, or smile with the dew-dropping rose; no longer does he come home, tired with work, to catechise his children and his servants. The freshness and sunshine of his early life is gone. There is no content and repose, no 'final perseverance' to balance the loss; and now more than ever—to-day falling, to-morrow repenting—he moves on in an 'eternal zigzag.' The gentry of Dumfries received Burns with open arms. It is to be deplored that he ever had anything to do with the 'gentles,' either at Edinburgh, Ellisland, or Dumfries. In Edinburgh he lost the *simplicity of his early life*, and he never regained it again.

At Ellisland the hospitality of the wealthy led him into dissipations which were incompatible with the life of a working farmer. At Dumfries his little leisure was ill spent in convivialities; and the coldness and disdain which were ere long meted out to him steeped his already embittered spirit in gall. Still there is much to be said for the companionship. There is much in his poetry which appealed more directly to the higher than to the lower classes of society. His nationality came home to none more nearly than to Mrs. Dunlop, the descendant of Wallace. The Duke of Athole, we have seen, wrote successful Scotch songs. The poetry of Jacobitism, for which Burns had a sentimental attachment, though it never touched his tenderest feeling, sang sweetly in his time. Miss Lindsay of Balcarres, who wrote *Auld Robin Gray*, was his contemporary; so was Mrs. Cockburn, who wrote *The Flowers of the Forest*; so also, or nearly so, was Miss Oliphant, the author of *The Land of the Leal*. These are as beautiful lyrics, and as catholic in feeling, as any that Burns could write. 'This is true; but it is difficult to think with patience of Burns' intimacy with the class above him. One lady is anxious for him to write verses on her poodle; 'the blessed sun of heaven turns a micher' indeed, 'and eats blackberries.' Another lady is at first very friendly; then there comes a quarrel. Burns' apologies are unaccepted, and he writes verses upon her at which his friends must always grieve. He does not write now any more epistles to Lapraik or to William Simpson, where the words come "skelpin after other in hamely rustic jingle." We have instead writings in his English style, prologues for the theatre, and more or less fulsome dedications. They are the writings of a man who goes out to dinner to say clever things, not of the poet who used to come home to write down the language of his heart, the communings which he had held with Nature during the labours of the day.

He executed his duties in an efficient manner. Of this there is abundant evidence. Mr. Maxwell, of Terraghty, was one of the justices of the district; he was a sarcastic and austere old gentleman who cared nothing for poetry. At meetings, when the excise-books were produced, he was used to say, "Bring me Burns' journal; it always does me good to see it; for it shews that an honest

officer may carry a kind heart about with him." To this day it is popularly told in Dumfries that Burns was 'aye gude to puir folk.' Of this 'kind heart' one anecdote will be sufficient.

On the morning of a fair in Kirkpatrick-Durham, Burns and Robertson, another exciseman, entered a house which they suspected, and found only a maid and a little girl within. "Has there been any brewing for the fair here to-day?" asked the poet. "Oh no, sir," replied the maid, "we hae nae licence for that." "That's a lee!" exclaimed the child; "the muckle black kist is fou' o' the bottles o' yill that my mother sat up a' nicht brewing for the fair." "Does that bird speak?" said Robertson, pointing to one hanging in a cage. "There is no use for another speaking-bird in this house," said Burns, "while that lassie is to the fore. We are in a hurry just now; but as we come back we'll examine the muckle black kist." Of course, on their return, the muckle black kist belied the lassie's tale.

Popularity with the gentlefolks did not last. For this there were several natural reasons. Dumfries was a centre of provincial Toryism, and Burns was a Whig. In the politics and personalities of the place he took an active part; he was feared, and consequently hated and shunned. Besides, the French Revolution was now exulting in blood, and Englishmen were afraid lest the narrow seas should be unable to keep this infection out. There were throughout the country several large and important societies, whose avowed object was not to repair but to remove the venerable pile of the English Constitution. The first of these affiliated societies arose in Scotland; but from its doings, either public or secret, Burns had always kept aloof. He sympathized with the French people; so did many men of all parties; but he expressed his sympathies foolishly and intemperately. He sent some cannon, taken from a smuggling sloop, as a present to the French convention. At a mixed dinner-party he proposed the health of George Washington, 'a wiser man' than Mr. Pitt. At a private dinner-party, like the other male guests, *bene adpotus*, he attended the mistress of the house. We all followed. The élite of Dumfries going gaily one side of the street, on the other the poet,

walking, moody, unrecognized, alone, repeating to himself, "Werena my heart licht, I wad dee."

Two features of his Dumfries life stand out in pleasing prominence. Mr. Gray, the then schoolmaster of Dumfries, and a warm friend and admirer of the poet, has told us what constant care and attention Burns paid to the education of his children. His attention was first drawn to this by the accurate and vigorous translations of Cæsar which the boy rendered in school. He found on enquiry that it was the father's habit, not only to hear the boy his Latin lessons, but to point out to him what was beautiful in English poetry from Shakespeare to Gray, and in English history to concentrate his attention on those men whose lives were worthy of admiration and imitation. We envy the boy those lessons.

The next is more remarkable; for the love of education is an hereditary instinct in the Burns' family. It is this, that all the time of his residence in Dumfries his activity as a song-writer was greater than it had ever been. These songs were written chiefly for Mr. George Thomson, who was publishing a collection of national songs and melodies. Into his project Burns threw himself with heart and soul, and, in spite of the 'gin-horse routine' of his official duties, in spite of his occasional excesses, in spite of his misery and weariness of life, every fortnight he sent to Edinburgh a packet of songs, many of them written in his happiest manner. These songs are powerful, as of old, and as varied; they strike, and strike truly, every chord of human feeling. Poverty was now beginning to pinch him. He often complains in his letters that he has to make one guinea do the work of three; but for all the new songs that he wrote, the old ones he repaired, and the invaluable information which he gave of the traditional history of various songs and airs—information sedulously collected during his wanderings—he would not accept of any pecuniary reward. His work was a labour of love; he felt proudly that he was doing his country a service, and fulfilling his work.

In these delights he sought relief from the miseries which were daily growing upon him. His unpopularity did not lead him to live a better life. His convivial excesses became more frequent, and he began to suffer such agony of remorse as only a sensitive spirit can feel whose

daily life is in rebellion with its moral nature. "A heart at ease would have been charmed with my sentiments and reasonings ; but as to myself, *I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the gospel.*" No words can express more adequately than these the state of mind that is out of harmony with itself, and the life that has never fitted to outward circumstances.

Two songs which he wrote in Dumfries form the best answer to the disdain of his quondam friends. One of these is the song of *Auld Lang Syne*, which he had taken from an old man, and amended with its best verses ; the other is—

" It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be, for a' that."

During the agitation of that time, when a suspicion of political unsoundness sufficed to snap the ties which bind brother to brother, and father to son, the sound and sedative tendency of these songs, whose healthy natural feeling takes the heart by storm, cannot be overrated. The song *For a' that* is also noticeable as being a good indication of all the depth of his sympathy with the French Republic. He was, we have seen, not a Jacobite ; neither was he a Jacobin. That the position of a man in the world should depend not so much on the artificial restraints of society as on his own worth and manly independent feeling, this he did desire. He desired also that men should listen less to what their neighbours say and do, looking more fearlessly to the language of their own hearts ; and finally, that as in our religion we profess a belief in the fatherhood of God, so in our practice we should give evidence of our belief in the brotherhood of man.

The year 1795, the year before his death, seems to have been somewhat brighter than the preceding. The French Republicans, who looked upon Great Britain as the nest of all that was old and corrupt, threatened to invade our island. Volunteer corps were forming throughout the country, and Burns was enrolled a member of the Dumfriesshire corps. He was zealous and assiduous in the performance of his duties, and thus gave a stronger force of his loyalty than his former indiscretions had

of his want of patriotism. He was poet-laureate to corps, and wrote for them the song, *Does haughty
an invasion threat?* which at once became popular—

“The kettle o’ the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in’t;
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca’ a nail in’t.”

These felicitous and loyal verses did away with the false impression which his former ungarded conduct had created.

But his story draws to a close. In the autumn of 1795 health gave way. His constitution and his frame had been originally strong, but the strength had been shaken by his early privations and labour, as well as by his later excesses. Moreover, within his bosom, so sensitive, so fully strung, there were a thousand warring elements at work. “Are we,” he says, “a piece of machinery which, like the Æolian harp, passively takes the impression of the singing accident?” Assuredly not passive, except in the sense of suffering. No man can tell how heavily the burden of life, amid a career so eventful, must have weighed upon an organisation so delicate as his.

The spring breezes of 1796 did not restore him to health. Still, though his bodily powers were falling away, his power of affection was undiminished, his power of writing unabated. His wife was ill, awaiting her approaching confinement; and the poet during his last illness was attended by Miss Jessie Lewars, the daughter of a brother officer of excise. He rewarded her care by composing in her honour some of his sweetest verses.

On the 4th of July he went to Brow, a hamlet on the coast, to try whether sea-bathing would restore tone to his system and strength to his frame. No strength recovered. There was forwarded to him a dunning letter, a card-dasher’s account for £18. In phrenzied excitement he wrote to Mr. George Thomson for £5—he sent none—and to his cousin in Montrose for a loan of £10. He was not used to borrow. He also wrote to Mrs. Dalrymple, who had for some time ceased to write to him, begging her in affecting words what her friendship had denied to him, and bidding her farewell. She did not reply, but she befriended his children.

At Brow he had an affecting interview—their last—with Mrs. Riddell. The stamp of death was written on his features, and he felt that his end was near; but his mental faculties were strong as ever, and his conversation, as of old, ranged at will from grave to gay. It is pleasant to know that next to his anxiety for his children was his anxiety for his works. He had long wished, he said, to revise what he had written, and to prevent the circulation of songs which he had composed under false impulses. This, unfortunately, he did not live to do.

On the 18th he returned to Dumfries. He was fast sinking. His mind wandered; but foremost of all the images that rose before him was the lawyer's malignity and the horrors of a gaol. On the morning of the 21st his children were called in to take a last farewell of their dying father. He did not know them; his mind was in delirium, but still in agony; and with a curse on his lips upon the lawyer who had threatened him, he passed away from the fitful fever of this life, and the prodigal rested in his Father's arms.

A TABLE OF DATES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LITERARY HISTORY OF ENGLAND
FROM 1751 TO 1800.

- 1751 Birth of Robert Fergusson. Publication of Hume's *Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals*.
- 1753 Publication of Sir Charles Grandison. Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*.
- 1754 Birth of Crabbe. Death of Fielding.
- 1755 Publication of Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language*.
- 1758 Death of Allan Ramsay.
- 1759 Birth of Robert Burns. Publication of Dr. Robertson's *History of Scotland*. Dr. Johnson writes *Rasselas*.
- 1762 Sterne publishes the first part of *Tristram Shandy*. James Macpherson publishes *Fingal, an Antient Epic Poem, in six books*.
- 1763 Death of Shenstone.
- 1764 Horace Walpole anonymously publishes *The Castle of Otranto*.
- 1765 Dr. Percy publishes his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.
- 1766 Oliver Goldsmith publishes *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Miss Oliphant born (afterwards Baroness Nairn), author of *The Land of the Leal*.
- 1768 Publication of Ross' *Fortunate Shepherdess*.
- 1770 Birth of Wordsworth.
- 1771 Birth of Walter Scott. Henry Mackenzie publishes *The Man of Feeling*; Dr. Beattie, *The Minstrel*. Death of Gray.
- 1772 Birth of Coleridge at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire.
- 1773 Publication of Fergusson's poems.
- 1774 Birth of Southey. Death of Fergusson and of Goldsmith.
- 1775 Birth of Charles Lamb. Johnson publishes his *Journey to the Western Isles*. Adam Smith publishes *The Wealth of Nations*.
- 1776 Death of Hume. Gibbon publishes the first volume of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

- 1777 Miss Burney publishes *Evelina*.
- 1779 Death of Langhorne.
- 1783 Crabbe publishes *The Village*.
- 1784 Death of Samuel Johnson.
- 1785 Cowper, at the age of fifty-four, publishes *The Task*.
Birth of Henry Kirke White.
- 1786 Dr. Moore, father of Sir John Moore, publishes *Zeluco*.
Burns' poems published in Kilmarnock.
- 1787 Burns in Edinburgh. The Edinburgh edition of his poems
published.
- 1788 Burns takes a lease of Ellisland. Lord Byron born.
- 1790 Burke publishes his *Reflections on the French Revolution*.
- 1791 Death of John Wesley.
- 1792 Shelley born.
- 1793 Death of Dr. Robertson. Wordsworth publishes his first
volume of poems.
- 1794 Mrs. Radcliffe publishes *The Mysteries of Udolpho*.
- 1795 Keats born.
- 1796 Death of Burns at Dumfries.
- 1797 *The Anti-Jacobin*, a weekly paper edited by Canning
and others. Death of Burke.
- 1798 Wordsworth publishes the *Lyrical Ballads*, to which
Coleridge contributed *The Ancient Mariner*.
- 1799 Campbell publishes *The Pleasures of Hope*.
- 1800 Death of Cowper. An enlarged edition of the *Lyrical
Ballads* published.

PECULIARITIES OF DIALECT.

THE following rules are not exhaustive, but they will assist the learner to understand the language of Burns.

I. VOWELS and CONSONANTS.

(a) The *o* of English appears in the stronger form of *a*. This is of so frequent occurrence that some words which only differ in this respect from the ordinary English word have been omitted from the glossary.

Examples : *ane, twa, na, nane, stane, wha, aften, rape, wark, alane, lanely, mane, grane* (moan, groan); in *auld, cauld, bauld*, and similar words the broad *a* is sounded as a diphthong before *-ld*.

(b) There is a tendency in dissyllables or polysyllables to change *o, e, u* into the short vowel *i*.

Examples : *anither, mither, pliver, thegither, simmer, stibble*; for *another, mother, plover, together, summer, stubble*.

(c) Initial *e* is often pronounced *y*.

Examples : *yane, yerl, yowe, yird*; for *one* (Ger. *ein*), *earl, ewe, earth*.

So *Edward* is *Yedward* in Shakespeare, and *ears* is frequently pronounced *years*.

(d) Final consonants are frequently dropped, especially *d, th, l, f, nasalized g*.

Examples : *an', lan', han', stan', chiel, biel, wi', o', mysel, a', wonderfu', mornin, e'enin*; for *and, land, hand, stand, child, bield, with, of, myself, all, wonderful, morning, evening*.

(e) An undefended *v* (*v*, that is, between two vowels) is vocalized or lost.

Examples : *ower, ne'er, hae, gie, gae, e'en, e'enin*; for *over, never, have, give, gave, even, evening*.

(f) *L* and *d* in dissyllables have a tendency to drop, and leave some modification of the original word.

Examples : *shouter, powther, wunner, thunner, sodger, sowther*; for *shoulder, powder, wonder, thunder, soldier, solder*.

(g) Final *l, ll, or le* frequently sinks into a *w*.

Examples : *knowe, pow, row, howe, staw* ; for *knoll, poll, roll, hollow, stole*.

(h) Gutturals are sounded.

Examples : *aught, straught, brocht, fecht, lauch, troch, hich* ; for *eight, straight, brought, fight, laugh, trough, high*.

II. THE VERB.

(a) The present indicative in old Scotch, as in the Northumbrian, is thus regularly declined—

I sleep, thou sleeps, he sleeps, we sleep, you sleep, they sleep.

But unless the pronoun is nominative, *sleeps* may be used for all persons. Thus it is correct to say, "Me and my brither sleeps in ae bed ;" "They laddies sleeps sound."

When Burns writes (*To a Mountain Daisy*, v. 27)—

"Thou lifts thy unassuming head,"

he is grammatical ; when he writes (v. 49)—

"Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,"

he is not using his own dialect, but is imitating the literary English language.

(b) Old Scotch retains the present participle in *-and* quite distinct from the verbal noun ending in *-ing*. A few participles are so spelt even in the poems of Fergusson ; and three words, *wullant, eident, farrant*, still preserve orally the dental. Professor Max Müller has pointed out that the *-end* in *friend* is a relic of the same participial termination.

But though the *d* is lost, the distinction between participle and gerund is not lost in the sound of the spoken words. In such sentences as the following they can easily be distinguished : "See to yon kitlin ! she's hingan on by the hings" (Look at that kitten ! she's hanging on by the curtains) ; "Thir ingans at we're eatan's gude eatin" (These onions which we are eating are good eating).

Traces of this distinction appear in every page of Burns.

(c) Many strong perfects will be found which either never existed in ordinary English, or have dropped out of use.

Examples : *gat, lap, bure, leugh, fand* ; for *got, leapt, bore, laughed, found*.

(d) In old Scotch the regular perfect participle of weak verbs ends in *it*. This form is frequently retained.

Examples : *sleepit, buskit, colleckit, respeckit, walit*.

The *i* is dropped after *r, f, th, s* sounds.

Examples : *rairt, fetchd, snufft, jidgt*.

After a liquid or a vowel *d* is regular.

Examples : *betrayed, telld, died, maintaind*.

Burns will be found to use certain strong perfect participles where ordinary English has weak ones, and certain weak ones where ordinary English has strong ones.

Examples : *stant, strode, wrote* ; for *stood, stridden, written*.

(e) After *would, could, should*, the auxiliary verb *have* is usually omitted.

Examples (*To William Simpson, v. 24*) :

“The tythe o’ what ye waste at cartes
Wad stowed his pantry.”

(*The Auld Farmer’s Salutation, v. 11*) :

“He should been tight that daur’t to raize thee,
Ance on a day.”

III. SYNTAX.

(a) Burns makes a very frequent use of ellipse. The relative is very often dropped ; the auxiliary verb *have* also seems to be omitted, though the verb *have* is rarely in Scotch absolutely an auxiliary verb. Its use often recalls the Greek *ταῦτα συγκλήσας* ἔχω. “I hae done a’ this the day” (I have all these things finished to-day).

(b) He frequently uses verbs with a middle sense which in ordinary English are active and transitive. A conjecture has been hazarded in the preface that this use may be a relic of Gaelic influence working in the spoken language of the west.

Examples : *array, drive, fash, bashing, undaunting*.

(c) It is very characteristic of Burns to give to the logical subject the first position in the verse and sentence ; having done so, he frequently repeats it as a pronoun, either as grammatical subject or object.

So in the *Epistle to James Smith, l. 108*—

“And others, like your humble servan’,
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin,
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zigzag on ;”

where *others*, the logical subject, becomes, being repeated in *they*, also the grammatical subject.

Again, in l. 133—

“A title, Dempster merits it.”

Here *title* is the logical subject ; it is the thing in the poet’s mind about which he is going to speak. It is repeated in *it*, as the grammatical object. Cp. *The Two Dogs*, lines 182, 193–196 ; *A Winter Night*, line 25 ; and the notes on these passages.



POEMS

I.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame, 5
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure :
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs ; 10
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar ;
But tho' he was o' high degree, 15
The fient a pride—nae pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipseys messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, 20
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' sniffed by stanes and hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him, 25
An' in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dike. 30
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
 His breast was white, his touzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl, 35
 Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit; 40
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 An' there began a lang digression 45
 About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava. 50

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents;
 He rises when he likes himsel;
 His flunkies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse; 55
 He draws a bonie, silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en, it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; 60
 An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan,
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and such like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner, 65
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honour has in a' the lan:
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension. 70

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't eneugh:
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, and siclike,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, 75
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack and rape.
 An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters, 80
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
 But, how it comes, I never kend yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
 An' buirdly chiels and clever hizzies, 85
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
 How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeckit!
 Lord, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle, 90
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinking brock.
 I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash, 95
 How they maun thole a factor's snash;
 He'll stamp and threaten, curse an' swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
 An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble! 100
 I see how folk live that hae riches;
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think:
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight, 105
 The view o't gies them little fright.
 Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
 They're ay in less or mair provided;

An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. 110

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives :
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy 115

Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs ;
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, 120
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station, 125
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds ; 130
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse, 135
The young anes ranting thro' the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barked wi' them.

Still its owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd. 140
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster 145
In favour wi' some gentle Master,
Wha, aiblins, thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it. 150

Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading :
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais taks a waft,
 To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

155

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entail ;
 Or by Madrid he taks the rout,
 To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowt.
 For Britain's guid ! for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction !

160

LUATH.

Hech, man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate?
 Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last?

165

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cottar !
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows :
 Except for shooting o' a moor-cock,
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

170

175

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

180

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true they need na starve or sweat,
 Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat ;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themsels to vex them ;

185

190

An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel, 195

Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy: 200
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art, 205
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters; 210
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.

Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks, 215
Pore ower the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common. 220

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night:
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs, 225
Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs*;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.*—GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays :
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end ;
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween. 9

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn Cottar frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, 17
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree ;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil. 27

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be. 36

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. 45

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
'An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray;
Implore His counsel and assisting might: 53
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscioos flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak; 62
Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcòme, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave; 71
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale, 80
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjurd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child? 89
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
 The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell. 99

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care,
 And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air. 108

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
 Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise. 117

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre. 126

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head ;
 How His first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How He, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
 command. 135

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ; 143
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
 The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
 And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enrol. 153

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside. 162

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 'An honest man's the noblest work of God :'
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd ! 171

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
 From whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile ;
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle. 180

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard ! 189

III.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A BROTHER POET.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down, to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely, westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But hanker and canker,
 To see their cursèd pride.

14

It's hardly in a body's power,
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How best o' chieils are whyles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't :
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 'Mair spier na, nor fear na,'
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

28

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress !
 Yet then content could mak us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile :

And mind still, you 'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 Nae mair then, we 'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

42

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal'?
 Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year:
 On braes when we please, then,
 We 'll sit and sowth a tune;
 Syne rhyme till 't, we 'll time till 't,
 And sing 't when we hae done.

56

It's no in titles nor in rank;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest;
 It's no in making muckle, *mair*:
 It's no in books, it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest:
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest:
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang;
 The heart ay's the part ay,
 That makes us right or wrang.

70

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while?
 Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress!
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess!

Baith careless, and fearless,
 Of either heav'n or hell!
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

84

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth;
 They let us ken oursel;
 They mak us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.
 Tho' losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

98

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON.

OCHILTREE.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatterin strain.

6

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironie satire, sidelins sklentet
 On my poor Musie;
 Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penned it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

12

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a hope to speel,
 Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
 The braes o' fame;
 Or Fergusson, the writer chiel,
 A deathless name.

18

(O Fergusson ! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye Enbrugh gentry !
 The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stow'd his pantry !)

24

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
 As whiles they're like to be my dead,
 (O sad disease !)

I kittle up my rustic reed ;
 It gies me ease.

30

Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain,
 She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
 Chiels wha their chanter's winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again

 Her weel-sung praise.

36

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
 To set her name in measur'd style ;
 She lay like some unkend-of isle,
 Beside New Holland,
 Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
 Besouth Magellan.

42

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
 Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ;
 Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
 Naebody sings.

48

Th' Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line !
 But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

54

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae Southron billies.

60

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
 But boils up in spring-tide flood !
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace' side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
 Or glorious dy'd. 66
 O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 Wi' wailfu' cry ! 72
 Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
 Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary gray ;
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day ! 78
 O Nature ! a' thy shews an' forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
 Whether the summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night ! 84
 The Muse, na Poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trottin burn's meander,
 An' no think lang ;
 O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang ! 90
 The warly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, an' strive,
 Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure. 96
 Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing brither !'
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal :
 May Envy wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal ! 102

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;
 While moorlan' herds like guid; fat braxies ;
 While Terra Firma, on her axis,
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In Robert Burns.

108

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A BROTHER POET.

AULD NEEBOR,
 I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter ;
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair,
 For my puir, silly, rhymin clatter
 Some less maun sair. 6

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
 To cheer you through the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld gray hairs. 12

But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit ;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit ;
 An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke ;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
 Be hain't wha like. 18

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin' the words to gar them clink ;
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons ;
 An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think
 Braw sober lessons. 24

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commend me to the Bardie clan ;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin clink,
 The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think. 30

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while ought's there,
 Then hiltie skiltie, we gae scrievin',
 An' fash nae mair. 36

Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
 My chief, amais't my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie!
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy. 42

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie:
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even tho' limpin' wi' the spavie
 Frae door tae door. 48

TO JAMES SMITH.

*Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
 Sweet'ner of Life, and solder of Society!
 I owe thee much.*

BLAIR.

DEAR Smith, the sleeest, paukie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
 Ye surely hae some warlock-brief
 Owre human hearts;
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts. 6

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
 And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
 Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
 Just gaun to see you;
 And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
 Mair taen I'm wi' you. 12

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
 To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
 She's turn'd y^e aff, a human creature
 On her first plan,
 And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
 She's wrote, 'The Man.' 18

- Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancie yerkit up sublime
 Wi' hasty summon :
 Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
 To hear what's comin' ? 24
- Some rhyme, a neebor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ;
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din ;
 For me, an *aim* I never fash ;
 I rhyme for fun. 30
- The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But, in requit,
 Has blest me with a random shot
 O' countra wit. 36
- This while my notion's taen a sklent,
 To try my fate in guid, black prent ;
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, ' Hoolie !
 I red you, honest man, tak tent !
 Ye'll shaw your folly. 42
- ' There's ither poets, much your betters,
 Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
 Hae thought they had ensured their debtors,
 A' future ages ;
 Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
 Their unknown pages.' 48
- Then farewel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang. 54
- I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
 Then, all unknown,
 I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone ! 60

But why o' Death begin a tale?
 Just now we're living sound an' hale;
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave Care o'er side!
 And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide. 66

This life, sae far's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
 Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Makes hours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light. 72

The magic wand then let us wield:
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
 See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
 Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creepin pace. 78

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin,
 Then fareweel vacant careless roamin;
 An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
 An' social noise;
 An' fareweel dear deluding woman,
 The joy of joys! 84

O life! how pleasant in thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like schoolboys, at th' expected warning,
 To joy and play. 90

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves:
 And tho' the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves. 96

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
 For which they never toil'd nor swat;
 They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
 But care or pain;
 And, haply, eye the barren hut
 With high disdain, 102

With steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
 Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace ;
 Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
 And seize the prey ;
 Then canie, in some cozie place,
 They close the day. 108

And others, like your humble servan',
 Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin,
 To right or left, eternal swervin,
 They zig-zag on ;
 Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
 They aften groan. 114

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But truce wi' peevish, poor complaining !
 Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning ?
 E'en let her gang !
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang. 120

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs !' and warm implore,
 'Tho' I should wander Terra o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Ay rowth o' rhymes. 126

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
 And Maids of Honour ;
 And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
 Until they sconner. 132

'A Title, Dempster merits it ;
 A Garter gie to Willie Pitt ;
 Gie Wealth to same be-ledger'd Cit,
 In cent per cent ;
 But gie me real, sterling Wit,
 And I'm content. 138

'While Ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
 Wi' cheerfu' face,
 As lang's the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace.' 144

An anxious e'e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may ;
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
 I rhyme away. 150

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm, and cool
 Compar'd wi' you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives, a dyke ! 156

Nae hair-brain'd sentimental traces,
 In your unletter'd, nameless faces !
 In arioso trills and graces
 Ye never stray,
 But gravissimo, solemn basses
 Ye hum away. 162

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise ;
 Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattlin squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road.— 168

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where—
 Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content with You to mak a pair,
 Whare'er I gang. 174

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roarin play,
 An' hunger'd maukin taen her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been. 6

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
 The lee-lang day had tired me ;
 And whan the day had clos'd his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
 Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

12

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
 I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
 The auld, clay biggin ;
 An' heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin.

18

All in this mottie, misty clime,
 I backward mus'd on wasted time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done nae-thing,
 But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

24

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a bank, and clarkit
 My cash-account :
 While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

30

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead ! coof !
 And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
 That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
 Till my last breath—

36

When click ! the string the snick did draw ;
 And jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
 And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin bright,
 A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
 Come full in sight.

42

Ye need na doubt, I held my wisht ;
 The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
 I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
 In some wild glen ;
 When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
 And stepped ben.

48

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
 Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
 I took her for some Scottish Muse,
 By that same token ;
 And come to stop these reckless vows,
 Would soon been broken. 54

A 'hair-brain'd, sentimental trace,'
 Was strongly marked in her face ;
 A wildly-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her ;
 Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
 Beam'd keen with Honour. 60

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
 Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
 And such a leg ! my bonie Jean
 Could only peer it ;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else came near it. 66

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
 Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
 A lustre grand ;
 And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
 A well-known Land. 72

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
 There, mountains to the skies were tost :
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
 With surging foam ;
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome. 78

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods ;
 There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds,
 Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore ;
 And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seeming roar. 84

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient Borough rear'd her head ;
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a Race,
 To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace. 90

DUAN SECOND.

WITH musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair ;
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear,
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder Sister's air
 She did me greet. 6

'All hail ! my own inspired Bard !
 In me thy native Muse regard !
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low !
 I come to give thee such reward
 As we bestow. 12

'Know, the great Genius of this land
 Has many a light, ærial band,
 Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
 As Arts or Arms they understand,
 Their labours ply. 18

'They Scotia's Race among them share ;
 Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;
 Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
 Corruption's heart :
 Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
 The tuneful art. 24

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
 They, ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
 Or, 'mid the venal Senate's roar,
 They, sightless, stand,
 To mend the honest Patriot lore,
 And grace the hand. 30

'And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
 Charm or instruct the future age,
 They bind the wild, Poetic rage
 In energy,
 Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye. 36

- ' Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young ;
 Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue ;
 Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung
 His " Minstrel lays ;"
 Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 The Sceptic's bays. 42
- ' To lower orders are assign'd
 The humbler ranks of human-kind,
 The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
 The Artisan ;
 All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
 The various man. 48
- ' When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 The threat'ning storm some strongly rein ;
 Some teach to meliorate the plain
 With tillage-skill ;
 And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
 Blythe o'er the hill. 54
- ' Some hint the Lover's harmless wile ;
 Some grace the Maiden's artless smile ;
 Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil,
 For humble gains,
 And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 His cares and pains. 60
- ' Some, bounded to a district-space,
 Explore at large Man's infant race,
 To mark the embryotic trace
 Of rustic Bard ;
 And careful note each op'ning grace,
 A guide and guard. 66
- ' Of these am I—Coila my name ;
 And this district as mine I claim,
 Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
 Held ruling pow'r :
 I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
 Thy natal hour. 72
- ' With future hope, I oft would gaze,
 Fond, on thy little early ways,
 rudely-carroll'd, chiming phrase,
 In uncouth rhymes,
 at the simple, artless lays
 Of other times. 78

- 'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar ;
 Or when the North his fleecy store
 Drove thro' the sky,
 I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye. 84
- 'Or when the deep green-mantl'd Earth
 Warm-cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
 And joy and music pouring forth
 In ev'ry grove,
 I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 With boundless love. 90
- 'When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,
 I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
 And lonely stalk,
 To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 In pensive walk. 96
- 'When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong,
 Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 Th' adored Name,
 I taught thee how to pour in song,
 To soothe thy flame. 102
- 'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
 Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
 Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
 By Passion driven ;
 But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from Heaven. 108
- 'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 The loves, the ways of simple swains,
 Till now, o'er all my wide domains
 Thy fame extends ;
 And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
 Become thy friends. 114
- 'Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
 To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow ;
 Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 With Shenstone's art ;
 Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart. 120

‘Yet, all beneath th’ unrivall’d rose,
 The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
 Tho’ large the forest’s monarch throws
 His army shade,
 Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 Adown the glade. 126

‘Then never murmur nor repine ;
 Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
 And trust me, not Potosi’s mine,
 Nor King’s regard,
 Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
 A rustic Bard. 132

‘To give my counsels all in one,
 Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 Preserve the dignity of Man,
 With Soul erect ;
 And trust, the Universal Plan
 Will all protect. 138

‘And wear thou this’—she solemn said,
 And bound the Holly round my head :
 The polish’d leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play ;
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away. 144

ANSWER TO VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE POET

BY THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE.

GUIDWIFE,
 I MIND it weel, in early date,
 When I was beardless, young and blate,
 An’ first could thresh the barn,
 Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,
 An’ tho’ forfoughten sair eneugh,
 Yet unco proud to learn :
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon’d was,
 And wi’ the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,

Still shearing, and clearing
 The tither stooked raw,
 Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
 Wearing the day awa :

14

Ev'n then a wish, (I mind its power,)
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast ;
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
 Some usefu' plan, or beuk could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.
 The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
 Among the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 An' spar'd the symbol dear :
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise ;
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

28

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain ;
 Till on that har'st I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain :
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
 That lighted up my jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky een,
 That gart my heart-strings tingle ;
 I fired, inspired,
 At ev'ry kindling keek,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I feared aye to speak.

42

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 An' we to share in common :
 The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
 Be mindfu' o' your mither :
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye're connected with her,

Ye 're wae men, ye 're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears ;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

56

For you, no bred to barn or byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line :
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware ;
'Twad please me to the nine.
I'd be more vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hingin' owre my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Farewell then, lang heal then,
An' plenty be your fa' :
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

70

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

ELLISLAND, 21ST OCT., 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
Wad bring ye to :
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do.

6

But what d' ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here !
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear
Ye'll now disdain me !
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

12

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

18

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies ;
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is—
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
 Before they want. 24

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care !
 I'm weary sick o't late and air !
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than monie ithers ;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers? 30

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair ;
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mair. 36

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
 To make a happy fire-side clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life. 42

My compliments to sister Beckie ;
 And eke the same to honest Lucky,
 I wat she is a daintie chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay !
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for ay. 48

ROBERT BURNS.

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :
 Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely taen. 8

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;
 His locks were bleachèd white wi' time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
 To echo bore the notes along. 16

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal quire !
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honours of the agèd year !
 A few short months, and glad and gay,
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me. 24

"I am a bending agèd tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain ;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hold of earth is gane :
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And ithers plant them in my room. 32

"I've seen so many changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown ;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown :
 Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share. 40

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs !)
 My noble master lies in clay ;
 The flow'r amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride, his country's stay :
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my agèd ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled. 48

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
 The voice of woe and wild despair !
 Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 Then sleep in silence evermair !
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the Bard
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom. 56

"In Poverty's low barren vale,
 Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round ;
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 No ray of fame was to be found :
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless Bard, and rustic song,
 Became alike thy fostering care. 64

"O ! why has worth so short a date ?
 While villains ripen grey with time !
 Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime ?
 Why did I live to see that day ?
 A day to me so full of woe ?
 O ! had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low ! 72

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been ;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me !" 80

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBSTONE

ERECTED BY BURNS TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSSON.

"Here lies Robert Fergusson, Poet,
 Born September 5th, 1751—
 Died 16th October, 1774."

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay
 'No storied urn nor animated bust ;'
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
 To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate,
 Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fir'd,
 Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in State,
 And thankless starv'd what they so much admir'd. 8

This humble tribute with a tear he gives,
 A brother Bard, he can no more bestow :
 But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
 A nobler monument than Art can show. 12

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve nae ither end
 Than just a kind memento ;
 But how the subject theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine ;
 Perhaps, it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps, turn out a sermon. 8

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And, Andrew dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained ;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained. 16

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restrick'd :
 But Och ! mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjust'd ! 24

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' important end of life
 They equally may answer ;

A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

32

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

40

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt th' illicit rove,
 Tho' naething should divulge it ;
 I wave the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard o' concealing ;
 But Och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

48

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justify'd by honour ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

56

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your honour grip,
 Let that aye be your border :
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

64

The great Creator to revere,
 Must sure become the creature ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :

Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended ! 72

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a random sting,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
 Is sure a nobler anchor ! 80

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser ;
 And may ye better reck the rede,
 Than ever did th' Adviser ! 88

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near ;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear. 6

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by !
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here, heave a sigh. 12

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave ;
 Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave. 18

The poor Inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And *softer flame*,
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name ! 24

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit ;
 Know, prudent, cautious *self-control*
 Is wisdom's root. 30

III.

A WINTER NIGHT.

*Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm !
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you,
 From seasons such as these ?—*

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;
 When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
 Far south the lift,
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
 Or whirling drift : 6

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
 Down headlong hurl. 12

List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
 And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
 Beneath a scar. 18

'Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
 'With lordly Honour's lofty brow, 60
 'The pow'rs you proudly own?
 'Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 'Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 'To bless himself alone!
 'Mark maiden-innocence a prey 65
 'To love-pretending snares,
 'This boasted honour turns away,
 'Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
 'Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
 'Perhaps this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest, 70
 'She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 'And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!

'Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 'Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 'Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate, 75
 'Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 'Ill-satisfied keen nature's clam'rous call,
 'Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 'While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 'Chill o'er his slumbers, piles the drift'ry heap! 80
 'Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 'Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
 'Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
 'But shall thy legal rage pursue
 'The wretch, already crushèd low, 85
 'By cruel fortune's undeservèd blow?
 'Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
 'A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!'

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing craw. 92

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Thro' all His works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God. 96

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING
SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE,
MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN
THE NEW YEAR.

A GUID New-Year I wish thee, Maggie !
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie :
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gane like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay. 6

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisie,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
A bonie gray :
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day. 12

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird ;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like onie bird. 18

It's now some nine-an'-twenty-year,
Sin' thou was my guid-father's meere ;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark ;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark. 24

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie :
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie ;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie. 30

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie bride ;
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air !
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair. 36

- Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
 An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
 That day ye was a jinker noble
 For heels an' win' !
 An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
 Far, far behin'. 42
- When thou an' I were young and skeigh,
 An' stable-meals at fairs were driegh,
 How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh
 An' tak the road !
 Town's-bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
 An' ca't thee mad. 48
- When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
 We took the road ay like a swallow :
 At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
 For pith an' speed ;
 But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
 Whare'er thou gaed. 54
- The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
 Might aiblin's waur't thee for a brattle ;
 But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
 An' gart them whaizle :
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' saugh or hazel. 60
- Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
 Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
 On guid March weather,
 Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
 For days thegither. 66
- Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
 An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
 Wi' pith an' pow'r,
 Till spritty knowes wad rair't and riskit,
 An' slypet owre. 72
- When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
 An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
 I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
 Aboon the timmer ;
 I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
 For that, or simmer. 78

In cart or car thou never reestit ;
 The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it ;
 Thou never lap, an' sten't, and breastit,
 Then stood to blaw ;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa. 84

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a' :
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;
 Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst :
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The vera warst. 90

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
 An' wi' the weary warl' fought !
 An' monie an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be beat !
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet. 96

And think na, my auld, trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
 For my last fou,
 A heapit stimpairt, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you. 102

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue. 108

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle ! 6

- I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal ! 12
- I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A diamen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't ! 18
- Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen ! 24
- Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash ! the cruel coulter past,
Out thro' thy cell. 30
- That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld ! 36
- But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy. 42
- Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear ! 48

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem.
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem. 6

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonie lark, companion meet !
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
 Wi' spreckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east. 12

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form. 18

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane. 24

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies ! 30

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust. 36

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er ! 42

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wretch'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink ! 48

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom ! 54

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barbarous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye !
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh !
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart.

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
 The bitter little that of life remains ;
 No more the thickening brakes or verdant plains
 To thee a home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled innocent, some wonted form ;
 Thy wonted form, alas ! thy dying bed !
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head ;
 The cold earth with thy blood-stained bosom warm.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its wo ;
 The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side ;
 Ah ! helpless nurslings, who will now provide
 That life a mother only can bestow ?

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
 The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
 I'll miss thee sporting on the dewy lawn,
 And curse the ruthless wretch, and mourn thy hapless fate.

SONGS

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;
But man is a soger, and life is a faught :
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a' ;
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jad gae :
Come ease, or come travail ; come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—'Welcome, and welcome again !'

I AM A SON OF MARS.

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum. 4

My 'prenticeship I pass'd where my leader breath'd his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram ;
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
 And the Morro low was laid at the sound of the drum. 8

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb :
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum. 12

And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
 Cloth'd in many a tatter'd rag, and in want of a crumb,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
 As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum. 16

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home ;
 When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum. 20

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie :
 M'Pherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows tree. 4

CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
 On monie a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again ! 8
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword !
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word. 12
 Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;
 I die by treacherie :
 It burns my heart I must depart
 And not avengèd be. 16
 Sae rantingly, &c.
 Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die ! 20
 Sae rantingly, &c.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
 The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
 The man's the gowd for a' that. 8
 What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-grey, and a' that ;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is King o' men for a' that. 16
 Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that. 24
 A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he maunna fa' that !

SONGS.

97

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

32

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that ;
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be, for a' that.

40

THE FAREWELL.

It was a' for our rightfu' King,
 We left fair Scotland's strand ;
 It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We e'er saw Irish land,
 My dear ;
 We e'er saw Irish land.

6

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain ;
 My love and native land farewell,
 For I maun cross the main,
 My dear ;
 For I maun cross the main.

12

He turn'd him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore ;
 And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore,
 My dear ;
 With adieu for evermore.

18

The sodger from the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again,
 My dear ;
 Never to meet again.

24

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep ;
 I think on him that's far awa',
 The lee-lang night, and weep,
 My dear ;
 The lee-lang night, and weep. 30

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

O KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie !
 O Kenmure's on and awa !
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw. 4

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !
 Success to Kenmure's band ;
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand. 8

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line. 12

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie !
 O Kenmure's lads are men ;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—
 And that their faes shall ken. 16

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie !
 They'll live or die wi' fame ;
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame. 20

Here's him that's far awa, Willie !
 Here's him that's far awa ;
 And here's the flower that I love best—
 The rose that's like the snaw ! 24

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir.

SONGS.

99

The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink to Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally. 8

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided ;
Till, slap, come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted ! 16

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it ;
By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it. 24

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damned together !
Who will not sing, ' God save the King,'
Shall hang as high's the steeple ;
But while we sing, ' God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget the People. 32

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie. 4

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lower ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward ! chains and slaverie ! 8

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee! 12

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
 Caledonian! on wi' me! 16

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they *shall* be free! 20

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward! let us do, or die! 24

BESSY AND HER SPINNIN WHEEL.

O LEEZE me on my spinnin wheel,
 O leeze me on my rock and reel;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
 O leeze me on my spinnin wheel. 8

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest:
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blythe I turn my spinnin wheel. 16

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays:

The craik amang the claver hay,
 The pairrick whirrin o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinnin wheel. 24

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid their flarin, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin wheel? 32

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo. 8

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo. 16

THE CARDIN' O'T.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
 To make a coat to Johnny o't;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 I lo'e him best of ony yet.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't;
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin o't. 8

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And though his brow be beld aboon ;
 Yet I hae seen him on a day,
 The pride of a' the parishen.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't ;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin o't. 16

TAM GLEN.

MY heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity ;
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? 4

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen' ;
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen? 8

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
 ' Guid-day to you, brute ! ' he comes ben :
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen? 12

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men ;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me ;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? 16

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten :
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen? 20

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten :
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen? 24

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin—
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen ! 28

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;
 I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen. 32

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ? 4

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin auld lang syne. 8

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 From mornin sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin auld lang syne. 12

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
 For auld lang syne. 16

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne. 20

THERE WAS A LASS.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
 And ay she sang sae merrily ;
 The blythest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she. 8

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest. 12

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
 And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten. 16

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown. 20

As in the bosom o' the stream
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
 So trembling, pure, was tender love,
 Within the breast o' bonie Jean. 24

And now she works her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
 Yet wistna what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again. 28

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And didna joy blink in her ee,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea? 32

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love : 36

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me? 40

At barn or byre thou shaltna drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee ;
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me. 44

SONGS.

105

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa. 48

HARK! THE MAVIS.

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonie dearie. 4

Hark! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang,
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonie dearie. 8

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly. 12

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery. 16

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonie dearie. 20

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart ;
I can die—but never part,
My bonie dearie. 24

While waters wimple to the sea ;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie ;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie. 28

GALLA WATER.

THERE's braw braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander thro' the blooming heather ;
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water. 4

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonie lad o' Galla Water. 8

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher ;
 Yet rich in kindest truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water. 12

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace or pleasure ;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure ! 16

MY CHLORIS.

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair :
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair. 4

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings :
 For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings. 8

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha' :
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blythe, in the birken shaw. 12

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn ? 16

SONGS.

107

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
 In shepherd's phrase will woo :
 The courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true ? 20

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine :
 The courtier's gems may witness love—
 But 'tis na love like mine. 24

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa. 4

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn :
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—my Nannie's awa. 8

Thou laverock that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',
 Gie over for pity—my Nannie's awa. 12

Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay ;
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa. 16

O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
 And bonie she, and ah, how dear !
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun. 4

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green ;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen. 8

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care. 12

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign. 16

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosèd baw,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning. 4

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning. 8

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning. 12

She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning. 16

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning. 20

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning. 24

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH !

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh !
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh ! 4

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, Oh !
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh ! 8

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh !
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh ! 12

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide ;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh !
 My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, Oh ! 16

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. 4

Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
 Dark despair around benights me. 8

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her, was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever. 12

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken hearted. 16

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure. 20

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. 24

MY BONIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry ;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary. 8

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;
 But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary. 16

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And monie a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean. 8

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair :
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean. 16

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor ;
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun ;
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison. 8

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw :
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison.' 16

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown !
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison. 24

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary. 8

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary. 16

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder ;
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary ! 24

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary. 32

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ? 8

That sacred hour can I forget ?
 * Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love ?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past ;
 Thy image at our last embrace ;
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last ! 16

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green ;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. 24

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care !
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ? 32

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'. 8

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Of earth and air, of earth and air,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The only jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. 16

NOTES

I.

THE two first selections are chosen as containing a fair picture of the surroundings of the poet's early life.

THE TWA DOGS.

"The tale of *The Twa Dogs*," says Gilbert Burns, "was composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken. Robert had a dog which he called Luath, which was a great favourite. The dog had been killed by the wanton cruelty of some person the night before my father's death. Robert said to me that he should like to bestow such immortality as he could on his old friend Luath, and that he had a great mind to introduce something into the book under the title of *Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend*; but this plan was given up for the poem as it now stands. Cæsar was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favourite Luath." The poem was composed in the spring of 1786.

2 Kyle, the middle district of Ayrshire, is said to derive its name from Coilus, a Pictish king. Modern antiquaries derive the name from the Gaelic *choille*, a wood. Mr. Chambers suggests that it is identical with *coal*, a firth, strait, or arm of the sea, as in the names the *Kyles* of Bute, the *Kyle* of Durness. The name, as applied to a portion of land, seems to ask for a different derivation.

4 *Wearing*. Said here of the dogs, and equivalent in meaning to 'passing,' 'spending.' Properly the word, as applied to time, is used intransitively, with a middle sense: 'The afternoon was wearing through.'

8-11 *Keepit* and *whalpit* = 'kept,' 'whelped,' are the regular forms of the Old Scotch perf. participle. 'Locked,' in v. 13, must be pronounced *lockit*. Burns, writing and pronouncing in Scotch, has spelt 'locked' in the English literary form. (See *Pec. of Dial.* p. 46.)

10 Thé dogs most peculiar to Scotland are the Skye terrier and the shepherd's or collie dog. A well-bred Skye is always a small, long-haired dog; the collie is always lightly made, very different from the large limbs of a Newfoundland dog.

14 He was a 'dog of letters.' There is a little satire in this description of the 'gentleman and scholar' from the outside.

17 *Caressin*. This form of the present participle is not a corruption of the participle in *-ing*, but a relic of the old Northumbrian participle in *-and*.

20 *Tyke* is logically the subject, grammatically the object of this sentence. (See *Pec. of Dial.* p. 47.)

21 'He' is Cæsar, 'him' is the 'tawted tyke.' 'Wad stan't' = 'would have stood.' (See *Pec. of Dial.* pp. 46, 47.)

23 *The tither* is a corruption for 'that other,' that being the neuter of the old article. That ane and that itther have become 'the tane,' 'the tither.'

24 *Billie* refers to 'ploughman's,' by a kind of irregular apposition.

25 Observe the kindly intimacy between the shepherd and his dog. Dr. John Brown tells a story which indicates the respect a shepherd has for his dog. It was a hot summer, and the magistrates of Edinburgh had issued orders that all dogs should be either led or muzzled. The doctor met a countryman who had put a slight string round his dog's neck, and was carefully driving the animal in front of him. The doctor asked the meaning of so curious a phenomenon. "Hech, sir," was the reply, "I didna like Tweedie to think that he was led."

It would be easy to multiply anecdotes indicative of the Scotch peasantry's love of animals. The following is curious. An old woman in Perthshire, a poor crofter, broke her leg, and was unable to attend to the cow which had for years been her care and pleasure. The animal had to be sold. "Eh, sir," she said to her minister, "it was a sair day for me when Mysie gaed awa'. I felt it far mair than when my brither deed."

28 An allusion to the difficulty of deciding the authorship or date of the poems published by Macpherson. It is now certain that the poems were authentic, and more or less faithfully translated by Macpherson. We have now better evidence than the critics of the last century possessed of the possibility of long literary poems being preserved for centuries.

39 Properly the dogs were social, not their noses. This transference of the attribute of the subject to the object or adverbial adjunct is very characteristic of our author.

43 *Daffin* is here a verbal substantive. The old form of the verbal substantive ends in *-ing*, the participle in *-and*. The distinction long remained in the Lowlands and in Northumberland, and even now, when both final *d* and final *g* are lost, the

pronunciation of the gerund differs from the pronunciation of the participle.

45 *Digression* is conversation. There is something humorous in the use of the word, as if conversation and thought were merely time stolen from the serious business of running about and amusing themselves.

47 *Luath* is the name of Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's *Fingal*. James Macpherson published *Fingal: an Epic Poem in Six Books*, in 1762. It was at once popular, and attacked by the learned as unauthentic, as Macpherson had no original manuscripts to produce, and steadily refused to publish the poems which he professed to have orally received. Dr. Johnson, who was then an arbiter in matters of literary criticism, was furious against the supposition of its real antiquity. One of his objects in taking his memorable tour to the Hebrides was that he might on the spot sift any evidence in favour of the poems.

50 Observe the humorous distinction between the 'puir dogs' and the 'puir bodies.' A 'body' is a person, as in 'somebody,' 'nobody.' The word, however, is never used without something either of compassion or of contempt.

51 *Racked rents*, or rack-rents, are rents raised beyond their proper value.

58 The sovereign, having the stamp of King George.

59-61 Note again the distinction between the gerund or verbal noun 'toiling,' 'baking,' and the participle in 'stechin.'

62 *Ha' folk*. The people of the servants' hall.

65 'Even our whipper-in, poor stunted monster, the useless creature, he eats.' The big dog contemptuously speaks of the little man as 'it.'

67 The position of the tenant-farmer was very different a hundred years ago from what it is now. The farmer and his family then were used to work with their labourers, while the labourers ate at the farmer's table.

72 The construction is difficult. 'Cotter' is the subject of the sentence, repeated in 'he' of verse 75. 'Howkin' and 'biggin' are participles; 'baring' is probably not a participle, but a verbal substantive in the objective case. The words are elliptical, and written more in accordance with the general sense than with strict rules of grammar. The full construction would be, 'Working at baring a quarry, and such like labour.' To bare a quarry is to expose stone so as to be fit for working.

74 Hugh Miller, who had himself been a mason, in *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, quotes these verses as expressing shortly the most disagreeable work which a labourer has. The hands become soft with the wet, and are torn by the hard stones.

77 'And there is nothing but the day's work of his hands,' &c.

81 'Let there be a little touch longer.' Elliptical, as we say

'no doubt,' 'no question,' 'a little more.' 'Touch' seems a metaphor from a scale, "Give one more touch, and one side of the balances will go down." 'Longer' is an adverb.

82 *Starve* is die. Ger. 'sterben.' Starvation is a hybrid word. The Latin termination has been added to a Teutonic root.

87 *To see* is an interjectional infinitive; so in Latin, "*Mene incepto desistere victam!*" "Me to yield, and give up my purpose!"

93 *Court-day* is the day for gathering rents.

94 The big dog feels the sorrow which touches neither the laird nor the factor. These verses doubtless describe the cause of many a sore day at Mount Oliphant.

102 *Wretches*. Used in the sense of '*miseri*,' 'unhappy.'

105 *Accustomed with*. Compare the use of *assuetus* with an ablative.

107 *Then*. 'Besides.'

112 Again an ellipse. Supply 'is,' or 'they find in.'

114 *Fire-side*. To be pronounced as three syllables. Cf. Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, act i. sc. 3—

"Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand?"

Again in *Henry VI.*, act ii. sc. 5—

"So many hours must I tend my flock."

Sir Walter Scott had the Scottish hard pronunciation of *r*. In one verse he makes Ireland of three syllables.

119 The law of patronage, by which a parish minister was presented to his parish by the nomination of the heritors of the land, and not by the 'call' of the congregation, was always unpopular with the stricter Presbyterians of Scotland. The law became fixed by degrees during the years which succeeded the Union; but the *vox populi* was always against it, as well as a strong party among the clergy. The descendants of that party left the Establishment in 1843, and formed the Free Church.

Priests. Presbyterian may only be priest writ large; but the very name of priest is an abhorrence to a Presbyterian of the old school.

121 In the years which preceded the time when this poem was written the yearly budget was a matter of more than ordinary moment. Financial difficulties at home had suggested to Mr. Grenville the expedient of taxing America by stamp duties. The American war had left the country burdened with 'a debt of £70,000,000,' while at the same time so many fortunes had been ruined that money was scarce.

123 *Hallowmass* is the thirty-first of October, usually called *Halloween*, the eve of All Hallows' or All Saints'-day. '*Halwes*' for saints occurs in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*—

"To ferne halwes couthe in sondry londes."

Halloween is in Scotland a time of great merriment. It is then

lawful to pry into futurity. There are many methods described in the poet's *Halloween* by which a man or a woman may on that night discover his future married state.

124 This use of the verb 'get' is very common in Scotland :
"Have for their profit."

126 *Unite* is plural, after life, a collective noun.

127 Either that witticisms are used for the purpose of snubbing, giving, as it were, a slight slap in the face ; or else, more probably, wit slaps, that is, hits the point in a neat and audible manner.

129 On that merry day on which the year begins.

131 The ale smokes with a cream which covers the top of the glass.

138 The notion of the dog taking his part in the fun is both good and true to nature. It may remind the more learned reader of that humorous passage in Plato's *Republic*, where, after describing how the men of the democratic city do "as they like," and listen to no orders, it is added that "you may notice even the dogs in such a city ; in what a very independent manner they frisk here and there, and pry into corners."

141 In writing these verses Burns is probably thinking of the troubles of his own family. In his time began the system of large farms, which have, among other causes, produced much emigration from Scotland. But such emigration was chiefly from the Highlands, and not from Ayrshire.

145 *The faster*. 'More tightly,' not 'more quickly.'

147 *Gentle*—'of gentle birth.'

148 'Indenturing his soul.' Entering into obligations as an apprentice does. The implication is that the league on which he enters is not for the good of his own soul, whatever it may be for Britain.

151 *Gaun*. A present participle for 'gaand,' 'gaan.' In pronunciation two syllables are still distinctly heard.

152 The Scotch members, especially in the days of Sir Robert Walpole, were exceptionally venal.

158 Burns is very fond of using any French that he knows.

161 'He takes his route.'

164 In the previous verses nothing that can explain 'feud' has been said. It probably means 'putting private quarrels, likes, and dislikes above public principles.'

165 *Man* is a very common Scotch exclamation.

166 Ellipse of 'relative.' 'Is that the manner in which they waste,' &c.

168 'To go in that road.' Note this cognate accusative, or accusative of the inner object. The verbal notion contained in the verb 'go' is only completed by a substantive, meaning a 'going.'

173 *Billies* is nominative to a verb contained in 'is' in the

next verse. 'Is' is singular, because the collective nominative 'billies' is taken singly in "fient haet o' them," not 'one o' them.'

176 Few men of Burns' station, and with his talents, would have had either the eye to see the virtues of the rich, or the generosity to confess them.

Ill is 'evil,' or 'unkind,' 'hard towards.'

177 'Will ye tell me your opinion?' or, 'Will ye tell me the true state of the case?'

180 *It* refers to cold and hunger taken collectively. The very thought of 'such a thing.'

181 'If you were only at times where I am; as for gentle folks, you would never envy them.'

182 The emphasis lies on the second syllable of 'envy,' thus retaining the old French pronunciation. So in the ballad of *Binnorie*—

"The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sore envied her sister fair."

183 *Starve* is to 'suffer from the cold,' as we say to 'perish with cold.'

186 *Auld age* is an abstract expression used for a concrete.

188 *For*. 'In spite of,' as in the song *For a' that*. For Burns' opinion of a frequent result of what the Duke of Wellington called 'over-education,' cp. the verses quoted above, page 29.

193 Again not altogether a grammatical construction. The subject 'fellow' is repeated in 'he.' 'His acre's till'd' is a parenthetical clause, equivalent in meaning to 'if his acre is tilled.' So in the next two verses: 'A country girl at her wheel is very well off, if her task is over.'

195 The 'girl at her wheel' is a favourite picture with our poet. Compare the song *Bessy at her Spinning Wheel*.

198 'Want of work' means that they have nothing to do. It does not imply that they want or wish to do anything. A man who can find no work Burns elsewhere describes as the most melancholy sight the world can supply.

199 Observe the alliteration. All these words express different aspects of the same kind of conduct. 'They loiter;' i.e. 'waste time;' they 'lounge,' 'sit idly about, doing nothing in particular;' they are 'lank,' 'have not the look of health in their faces or eye;' they are 'lazy,' 'they have no *will* to bestir themselves.'

200 'Nothing is the matter with them; though for all that they are not at ease.'

201 'Their days *are* insipid.'

202 *Lang*='longsome' or 'tedious.'

203 *Their sports*. 'As for their sports.' Cp. v. 182.

206 *Here*, as ever with Burns, the heart is the very touch-stone of truth.

207 'The men quarrel on political subjects.' 'Matches,' one side being, so to speak, matched against the other.

209 *Arm-in-arm* is a verb.

211 *Absent thoughts*. Compare *social nose* in v. 39.

212 'Regular devils' = 'run wild as devils.'

213 *Wee bit* forms one adjective in meaning.

214 *Pretty* is an adjective, agreeing with 'potion.'

215 *Nights*. An objective case of duration.

216 The 'devil's pictured books' are cards.

217 The indignation against the manner in which a certain Lowland laird played cards was so great that the peasantry threw packs of cards at the coffin in which he was being carried to the grave. This is a traditional anecdote. The time of the occurrence was the end of last century.

218 *Blackguard*. Pronounced *blagyard*.

219 *There's*. For 'there are.' The exceptions, though many in number, are regarded as a single *quantum*. Cp. the Greek neuter plural with single verb; or the French, "Il y a des exceptions." 'Man and woman' are in apposition with exceptions, in what has been called above partitive apposition.

221 'By this time.'

223 *Bum-clock*. Cp. Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*—

"An 'eerd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower my 'eäd."

The 'drone' is the deep monotonous note of this beetle.

224 This couplet is doubtless suggested by the lines in Gray's *Elegy*, which Burns very much admired—

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."

And again—

"Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight."

227 'Took himself off on his several way.'

228 There is a delicate humour in this poem. The dogs represent their masters; true, but they are Nature's children, and forget social distinctions. They show their humanity not only in the rich dog being on friendly terms with the poor dog, but in the rich dog sympathizing with the poor man, as the poor dog has the greatest friendliness to the rich man.

THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Written in 1785, at Mossgiel. After his father's death, Robert, being the eldest son, conducted the worship of the family. The warmth of his prayers was long remembered by the household. "He had frequently remarked to me," says Gilbert Burns, "that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent,

sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the *Cottar's Saturday Night*."

The form of the poem is suggested by *The Farmer's Ingle*, one of the best of Robert Fergusson's poems. Fergusson describes life from a jovial and social side. Burns, setting his poem in a religious light, reveals more deeply and truly the lights and shadows of peasant life.

1-9 This stanza of dedication was probably added after the completion of the poem. The second stanza is a more picturesque opening, "November chill blows loud."

2 *Bard*. Already a stock expression for a poet, as in the unnatural language of Pope, 'the swain' does duty for the farmer or shepherd. Properly, a 'bard' is a poet who celebrates the deeds of the family or *gens*.

Pays. This contempt of money in relation to poetry Burns often during his life showed to be real. In his later years he refused to write once a week for a London paper, the *Morning Chronicle*, afraid lest by doing so he should compromise his independence.

6 *Train* is here used of people, not of events.

8 *Aiken*. Mr. Aiken was a writer and surveyor of taxes in the town of Ayr. He had warm feelings, early befriended the poet, and by his eloquent conversation increased his rising fame. Mr. Chambers relates the following anecdote: Some years after Burns' death, Mr. Aiken, along with a friend, was walking past Alloway Kirk. His friend produced some verses to the memory of the poet, which he gave to Mr. Aiken for his opinion. The other, handing them back, said through his tears, "There are two ways in which I judge of the merit of such verses; first, my eyes fill with tears; second, *my vest-buttons skelp*." His friend looked: actually—a masculine Peggotty—the buttons of his waistcoat had jumped off!

10-18 *The Farmer's Ingle* begins thus—

"Whan gloaming grey out-ower the welkin keeks,
Whan Batie ca's his owsen to the byre,
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door steeks,
And lusty lasses at the dighting tire."

12 *Beasts retreating*. Absolute case. 'While the beasts retreat.' 'Retreating' is also to be supplied with 'trains' in the next line.

18 Even the above verses are evidence that Burns is not altogether at home save in the breadth of his native Doric. The dedicatory stanza is not free from affectation. The second stanza is finer; but a reminiscence of Thomson and Gray.

19-27 With the above stanza compare the following from a poem by Principal Shairp, called, *The Loosing Time*—

"Then pleased the bandster sees his lum i' the gowden sunset reek,
And his bairnies round the gavel for their daddie wait and keek,
Sae kind's they claught his haffit locks, his kneesae fondly climb,
And his wife sae clean makes a' sae bien 'gainst walcum loosing
time.

The auld carle i' the sheugh, a' day forfoughten sair,
Weet and draigled, daunders hame to his kimmer and arm-
chair ;

Though she be frail wi' pains, and his pow like frosty rime,
Yet fain the twa auld bodies meet at easefu' loosing time.

Haud up, auld hearts ! the moil and toil will a' be ended sune,
Ye've had a weary warsle here, but your reward's abune ;
He'll bring, gin ye but lippen Him, a better loosing time,
When ye'll be by wi' a' the toil o' this wark-weary clime."

23 Recalls the name of Fergusson's poem, *The Farmer's Ingle*.

26 *Does* is singular, as if the various subjects, the ingle, the hearth-stane, the smiling wife, the prattling child, all united to form one subject. Mr. Chambers writes this verse—

"Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,"
explaining 'kiaugh' as anxiety.

27 *Labour* is abstract, his work in general ; 'toil' is concrete, the particular hours or pieces of work which have wearied him.

35 *Fee* is used here in the general sense of piece of money gained by labour, but is hardly so specialised as in our use of the word, an advocate's fee, &c. By derivation 'fee' = vieh, cattle, which in agricultural times were the standard of commercial dealings.

Deposite. Pronounced déposéte.

44 Compare this verse with the one to which it rhymes, "Anticipation forward points the view," and it will at once appear how much more at home Burns is when writing in his native dialect than when writing English. He was aware of this himself. In a letter to G. Thomson (1794) he writes : "These English songs gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue."

45 *Mixes a'*. Not simply that he mixes all he says, but that his remarks temper everything that is said in the cottage.

We are told that it was the habit of William Burness to converse much with his children, but always so as either to advance their love of learning or virtue.

59 *Wily* means little more than 'observant,' 'hard to deceive.' Conscious (see *The Twa Dogs*, v. 39) is poetically said of the flame, not of the girl.

65 Here the spelling shows the old participle, strappan(d).

69 'He' must be supplied before 'scarce.'

74 'Beyond comparison,' a common word in old Scotch ballads, with which Burns was very familiar. In the ballad of *Helen of Kirkconnell* occurs this stanza—

"O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair;
Shall tie my heart for evermair."

76 *Declare*. These are absurd words in the mouth of a youth of twenty-six. Granted, he had in thought well weighed the joys and the sorrows of life, but what was his 'sage experience'?

78 *Vale*. The metaphors implied in 'cordial' and 'vale' are incongruous.

81 *Gale*. This couplet seems to be imitated from—*L'Allegro*, v. 68—

"And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

The shepherd however tells the tale (number) of his sheep.

89 Supply 'which.'

92 *Scotia*. Latin names as 'Scotia,' 'Phoebus,' 'Helicon,' 'Chloris,' are a relic which Burns preserved out of too faithful admiration of his predecessors, Fergusson and Ramsay. They are very much out of taste in poems written in the Scotch dialect.

99 *Lint*. The growth of flax was once more general in Scotland than it now is. This was owing to the linen manufacture, which, beginning in Glasgow in 1725, was for a long time the staple manufacture of the west of Scotland. The flower of lint is of a beautiful light blue colour. William Burness had grown flax; and Robert had gone to Irvine in 1782 to learn flax dressing.

105 *Haffets*. Again an absolute case. Cp. above, v. 12.

106 *Strains* is objective to the verbal action contained in Wales; portion limits strains.

108 *Air*. The looks as well as the words of William Burness are described in this stanza. That such pious habits were, and we might add are, practised not only by isolated individuals, but by a whole class, may be seen from the following quotation from Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iv., p. 187, ed. 1857: "At length we drew near *Peterhouse*, and found sober Peter himself and his brother-in-law, the facetious factotum Tom Purdie, superintending, pipe in mouth, three or four sturdy labourers busy in laying down the turf for a bowling-green. 'I have planted hollies all round it, you see,' said Scott, 'and laid out an arbour on the right-hand side for the laird; and here I mean to have a game at bowls after dinner every day in fine weather, for I take that to have been among the indispensables of our old *vie de chateau*.' But I must not forget the reason he gave me sometime afterwards for having fixed on that spot for

his bowling-green. 'In truth,' he then said, 'I wished to have a smooth walk and a canny seat for myself within earshot of Peter's evening psalm.' The coachman was a devout Presbyterian; and many a time have I in after years accompanied Scott on his evening's stroll, when the principal object was to enjoy from the bowling-green the unfailing melody of this good man's family worship, and heard him repeat, as Peter's manly voice led the humble choir within, that beautiful stanza of Burns—

'They chaunt their artless notes in simple guise;

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim," &c.

110 *Aim*. To be construed as an accusative in apposition with the action implied in the verb 'tune.' This accusative is akin to the accusative of kindred meaning, probably the earliest use of the accusative case.

111 *Dundee's*. 'Dundee,' 'Martyrs,' 'Elgin,' are old psalm tunes. Martyrs is named from the martyrs for the Scottish Covenant. Mr. Chambers informs us that these three tunes were the only ones which William Burness knew.

118 *Priest-like father*. The domestic character of religion in England is of very ancient growth. Mr. Green, describing the English customs as they were in Sleswick, before the Angles had set foot in Thanet, says: "Though a priestly class existed, it seems at no time to have had much weight in the English society. As every freeman was his own judge and his own legislator, so he was his own house priest; and the common English worship lay in the sacrifice which he offered to the god of his hearth."—*Short History of the English People*, pp. 4, 5.

133 There is an ellipse of was before 'banished.' The reference is to the book of Revelation, chap. x. 1, and chap. xviii. 1.

138 A quotation from Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

140 The following lines are suggested by Rev. vii. 15, 16, 17: "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Of these verses Burns writes to his father from Irvine (1781)—

"The soul uneasy and confined at home

Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

It is for this reason I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelation than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me for all that this world has to offer."

144 Eternity seems to be conceived as endless time, which is not a philosophic conception.

150 Mrs. Somerville in her autobiography tells us that never in all her life did she find the formality of the English service so touching as the simple Presbyterian rites to which she had been accustomed in childhood.

154 Apparently the 'elder bairns' are not supposed to sleep at home. Cf. *The Two Dogs*, last couplet.

164 Another quotation from Pope.

171 Comparing this with *The Two Dogs*, vv. 173, 174, it can hardly be denied that the latter is the healthier feeling.

178 Five years before this was written (1785), the American States had practically gained their independence. The Republican feelings which culminated in France four years later were now in everyone's mouth or thought.

179 *May rise* is probably optative, '*exoriatur*,' not '*exoriri potest*.'

180 In writing this Burns probably had the lines of Goldsmith in his mind—

"Princes and lords may flourish and may fade,
A breath will make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
If once destroyed, can never be supplied."

182 *Wallace's*. Mr. Green, in his account of Wallace, points out that he was the first in arming the stout peasantry to meet the charge of the mounted knight. The squares into which he formed his infantry on the hills above Falkirk and Stirling foretell the time when the English squares stood fast at Waterloo. In this view of Wallace there is a great fitness in the homage which Burns, the poet of the people, pays to Wallace, the hero of the people.

183 The qualification of the infinitive by an adverb, introduced between the 'to' and the verbal 'form,' is a common practice now among respectable authors. It is not however easy to parallel this use from the standard authors of English.

189 This verse must not be understood to mean that the 'patriot' is the 'guard,' the 'poet,' the 'ornament' of his country. Individually, they are each the ornament and guard of their country.

The effect of this poem on Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, in Ayrshire, was so inspiring that it acted upon her like 'the charm of a powerful exorcist.' She had had a severe illness, from which she only recovered to find herself the victim of languor and depression. The description of the simple cottager's life pleased and surprised her mind, and brought back her wonted spirits. She sent a message at once to Mossiel, asking

Burns to visit her as soon as he conveniently could, and continued his friend and valued correspondent till his death.

The poet himself was fond of the two concluding stanzas. He offered them up as a prayer in crossing the bridge over the Tweed at Berwick, and again when kneeling above the tomb of the Bruce in Dunfermline Abbey.

II.

The following selections are chosen as representing most fitly the life and power of their author. They do not give any examples of the satiric touch, of the wit and exuberant fun, to which the popular admiration of Burns is mainly due. But they do more than this; they show to us the man as he was when alone by himself, and as he would wish others to conceive of him—a poet gathering into himself the life of the world in which he moved. Nor does he do so only to gather from every passing moment of life the highest pleasure it has to give; but as one who strives to effect something in spite of the temptations of temporary emotions. This sense of having an aim in life has not constant influence over him.

“I, a hope-abandoned wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night
And joyless morn the same,”

are sorrowful verses, which express only too truly the cause of the sorrow and personal failure of the poet's life. If we take a broader view, his life is not a failure. To ‘sing a song for Scotland's guid,’ to ‘preserve the dignity of man,’ these are the aims which he sets before himself; and it must be confessed that though for himself his life contained much of ‘sorrow, and sin, and shame,’ for the community it brought these ends to completion in greater or less degree. Within the last hundred years two men of genius have arisen in Scotland—the one of aristocratic, the other of popular sympathies; the one of an extensive mind, gathering and painting from without, the other intensive, rejecting all which he cannot recreate from within. Yet these two agree in possessing the strong local and romantic Scottish feeling—that feeling which Burns created.

He preserved the dignity of man; his life and writings were a proof of the vanity of social distinctions as a test of manly virtue. They shewed that real hearts and real intellects, a real power of universal sympathy, might exist with the poor as well as with the rich. “Who can doubt,” says Mr. Lockhart, “that at this moment thousands of ‘the first-born of Egypt’ look upon the smoke of a cottager's chimney with feelings which would never have been developed within their being had there been no Burns?”

EPISTLE TO DAVIE.

Written in January, 1785. Of this poem Gilbert Burns writes: "Among the earliest of his poems was the *Epistle to Davie*. Robert often composed without any regular plan. When anything made a strong impression on his mind so as to rouse it to any poetic exertion, he would give way to the impulse, and embody the thought in rhyme. If he hit on two or three stanzas to please him, he would then think of proper introductory, connecting, and concluding stanzas; hence the middle of a poem was often first produced. It was, I think, in summer, 1784, when, in the interval of harder labour, he and I were weeding in the garden (kail-yard), that he repeated to me the principal part of this epistle. I believe the first idea of Robert's becoming an author was started on this occasion. I was much pleased with the epistle, and said to him I was of opinion it would bear being printed."

Davie was David Sillar, a member of the Bachelor's Club at Tarbolton.

A visit to Mossgiel helps us to understand the truth of the description contained in the first stanza. The farm is very exposed—built on the edge of a hill looking to the north-west; the beech-trees which edge the road within a hundred yards of the house are stunted, and all point their branches in one direction. A fine hedge of laurel now protects the house, the civility of whose present mistress the compiler would wish to acknowledge.

1 *Aff Ben Lomond*. 'North winds.'

2 A middle use of the verb 'drive.' Cp. 'drift' in 'snow-drift,' 'drift-wood.'

3 *Hing*. 'Make us hang.'

5 'To spin a verse.' Cp. the *ῥαψωδός, καλὴν ῥάψαντες ἀοιδὴν*.

8 'Blow the snow-drift into the house; far in, to the chimney-corner.'

9 *A wee*. Observe the growth of adverbial expressions out of the accusative of verbal notion. Literally 'I grudge a wee grudge.'

Gift is used for 'blessings' not very correctly.

12 *Fire-side*. 'Trisyllabic,' as before in *The Twa Dogs*, v. 114.

17 *Shared* is used in its original sense of 'allotted,' 'apportioned,' 'sheared' or 'cut out in several pieces.'

19 *Rant*. 'Conduct themselves foolishly.' Burns is fond of this word. He uses it of his own character at least thrice.

25 A line borrowed from Ramsay.

28 *Beg*. In his youthful days Burns did look forward to the possibility of having to beg his bread from door to door. He

thus writes to his old tutor, Mr. Murdoch : " I am quite indolent about those great concerns that set the bustling, busy sons of care agog ; and if I have to answer for the present hour, I am very easy with regard to anything further. Even the last worst shift of the unfortunate and wretched does not much terrify me. I know that even then my talent for what country folks call a ' sensible crack,' when once it is sanctified by a hoary head, would procure me so much esteem, that even then I would learn to be happy."

Scott, in his picture of " Edie Ochiltree " in the *Antiquary*, has endeavoured to shew that the life of the *Gaberlunzie*, or privileged beggar of last century, was not altogether depressing to the spirit. He gives the following note :

" The old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the baccoch, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an exposition of his distresses. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his power that way by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of the ancient jester.

" To be a ' guid crack ' (that is, ' to possess talents for conversation ') was essential to the trade of a ' puir body ' of the more esteemed class ; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourses afforded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of the itinerant society. Thus, in the fine dedication of his works to Gavin Hamilton, he says—

" ' And when I downa yoke a naig,
The Lord be thankit, I can beg.' "

Again in his *Epistle to Davie*, a brother poet, he states that in their closing career—

" ' The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.' "

And after having remarked that—

" ' To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress !' "

the bard reckons up, with true poetical spirit, that free enjoyment of the beauties of nature which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a mendicant.

" The class had in fact some privileges. A lodging, such as it was, was readily granted to them in some of the outhouses, and the awmous (alms) of a handful of meal (called a gowpen) was scarce denied by the poorest cottager. The mendicant disposed these, according to their different quality, in various bags around his person, and thus carried about with him the principal part of his sustenance, which he literally received for the asking.

At the houses of the gentry his cheer was mended by scraps of broken meat, and perhaps a Scottish 'twalpenny,' or English penny, which was expended in snuff or whisky. In fact, these indolent peripatetics suffered much less real hardship and want than the poor peasants from which they received alms."

37 Fortune is supposed to be playing football (Scotticé, 'kick-ball') with human destinies.

40 'This' refers to what follows, that those who can fall no lower than they are are freed from care.

42 This thought is more religiously expressed by John Bunyan in a verse of the song which the shepherd-boy sings in the Valley of Humiliation—

"He that is down need fear no fall ;
He that is low no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

43 'Those who have a common right of property in the air.' So Shakespeare calls the air common (*Richard II.*, act i. sc. 3, Norfolk *log.*)—

"A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands."

45 'Without either house or protection.'

48 It is a vexed question whether the poor do enjoy the beauties of the country in which they live. Scott says of Jeanie Deans, a typical heroine, that she was insensible to such beauties.

The editor's observation would lead him to say that the peasantry throughout the Lowlands of Scotland are as alive to such beauties as their superiors in station. They admire, however, the quiet and peaceful in preference to the wild and picturesque.

54 The poet here writes from his own experience. He could not write a love song unless he first had well in his head the tune to which it was to be sung.

55 *Rhyme.* A verb, present imperative, as above, *v.* 40. 'And mind still, you'll find still.'

69 This is a most characteristic couplet.

72 'Through wet and dry weather.' Certain substantives are easily omitted in various languages. 'Aqua' in Latin, $\gamma\eta$ and $\delta\delta\delta\varsigma$ in Greek. Perhaps Burns had in his mind Milton's verse (*Paradise Lost*, iii. 652)—

"The archangel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land."

'Drive' is middle, as in *v.* 2.

75 Means that in their journey through life they only consider us as useless obstacles.

83 There is no distinction of meaning between 'esteeming' and 'deeming.' This is an inaccurate use of language, into which Burns is led by the haste of his composition, and by the difficulty of the metre he has chosen. The metre is borrowed from early writers of Scotch verse.

88 There is an anacoluthon here, with a very happy effect. 'Even should misfortunes come, endure them; for I who sit here,' &c.

90 'And is,' 'I is.' A dialectic usage, as old as Gawain Douglas, and perhaps due to Norse influence.

91 *Wit* means 'knowledge' or 'practical experience.' Cf. the Greek proverb, *παθήματα μαθήματα*.

98 Observe the substantival use of 'where.' There are in the original four concluding stanzas, which, as they were probably later in composition, and are not in the poet's happiest manner, have been omitted.

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON, OCHILTREE.

William Simpson was the parish schoolmaster of Ochiltree, a few miles from Mauchline. He had seen one of Burns' compositions, and written to him in verse.

7 *I'se* for 'I shall;' *sud* for 'should.'

15 *Allan*. Allan Ramsay.

Gilbertfield. William Hamilton, of Gilbertfield, was contemporary with Ramsay. He had modernised the rhyme of *Blind Harry*, the work which the blacksmith had given to young Robert Burns.

19 *Fergusson*. The life of Fergusson, to whom Burns was under so great a debt, was short and painful. His father was a haberdasher's assistant in Edinburgh. He was very poor, but maintained his family. He died however in the boyhood of the poet. Robert, after some years at St. Andrew's University, where he had a bursary, returned to Edinburgh, and obtained employment in the Commissary Clerk's Office. The routine work of extracting registers was most distasteful to him, and he sought for relief in writing verses and in convivial society. He had himself pleasant manners and a kind and warm heart. He talked well, and sang Scotch songs, especially the *Birks of Invermay*, with great taste. His habits were somewhat loose; his food and clothing probably scanty; and in his twenty-fourth year his mind, which had never been masculine, broke down, and he was taken to the public asylum. His mother and sister came to see him where he lay. "Bring your seam, Maggie," he said to his sister, "and sit beside me." He lingered for two months, and died on a cold night, alone and shivering.

21 *Whunstone* = trap, a hard, igneous rock.

- 23 Observe the French pronunciation of 'cartes,' 'cards.'
- 24 Would have 'stowed.' The auxiliary 'have' omitted. See *Peculiarities of Dialect*, p. 47.
- 27 'To be the death of me.' 'Dead' is a substantive.
- 31 *Coila*. The district of Kyle.
- 41 Ellipse again; like 'the place where.'
- 44 *Gied*. 'Gave.'
- 45 *Yarrow*. There are two old ballads, and one more modern ballad by Hamilton of Bangour, in praise of Yarrow. How these compositions worked upon Wordsworth's mind is seen from his poems *Yarrow Unvisited* and *Yarrow Visited*.
- 46 *Rings* is an old form of the plural. See *Peculiarities of Dialect*, p. 46.
- 47 Four Ayrshire rivers.
- 49 The mention of the Tiber in contrast with Scotch rivers calls to mind the couplets of Sir Walter—
 "Behold the Tiber, the vain Roman cried,
 Viewing the Tay from Haugh of Baigly's side;
 But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
 And take the puny Tiber for the Tay?"
- Baigly is an eminence on the old Highland road which commands the first view of the valleys of the Earn and of the Tay, while the distant landscape is bounded by the Grampian range on one side, and by the opening estuary on the other.
- Spenser, among others, has sung beautifully of the Thames—
 "The christall Thamis wont to slide
 In silver channell down along the lee,
 About whose flowrie banks on either side
 A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull jollitee,
 Were wont to play, from all annoyance free."
- This is a fine description of the quiet river and the peaceful scenery of its banks. (*Ruines of Time*, vv. 134-138.)
- 56 *Red-brown* is a most felicitous epithet; it exactly hits the colour of a hill on which the heather is past the first flush of bloom.
- 59 Spenser frequently uses the word *gree*, but never as it is here used for 'victory.' He uses it for 'good-will'—
 "Receive, most noble Lord, in gentle gree
 The unripe fruit of an unready wit."
- 61 *Wallace*. See the close of the *Cottar's Saturday Night*.
- 62 *Boils* must be pronounced as two syllables.
- 66 *Or* connects 'strode' and 'dy'd'; for 'dy'd' is *mortui sunt*, not *sanguine tincti sunt*. The climax in 'dy'd' is impressive; we may compare Milton's *Paradise Lost*, iii. v. 343—
 "But all ye gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies"—
 where the force of *dies* can be best seen by making a pause in reading after this.

67 The following seven stanzas are natural and beautiful. They set aside the artificial manner in which English poets from the time of Pope had been accustomed to speak and think of the world of nature. Here is the voice of a countryman saying what the scenes of the country are. The pleasure of wild scenery is characteristic of this century. Still many of us may learn from the lines—

“O Nature ! a’ thy shews an’ forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !”

How common is it for us to compare one natural scene with another, instead of taking each upon its own merits, and so admiring and learning from all.

73 Compare the following passage from a letter of the poet’s : “There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure, but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me, than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood on a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy winds howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion ; my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew Bard, ‘walks on the wings of the wind.’”

74 Scott also uses the word *rave* of the objectless sound of a river—

“When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o’er the dead man’s grave.”

76 There is a personal metaphor in speaking of the winds raving, also of the frosty hills being hoary grey. The words hoary grey, as applied to a winter landscape, seem to suggest a comparison with the purity and the tranquillity of old age. The trees are naked ; that is, life has lost the outward show of beauty, which seemed to be its essential vigour. To use such metaphors truthfully is of the very essence of poetical thought.

77 Without purpose, but with fierce force.

78 Observe how pictorial these descriptions are, how much they contain of sound and colour ; of many particulars which unite to form one moment of life.

85 *The Muse*, the real subject of thought, though grammatically the object, is properly put first.

89 The adjective ‘pensive’ qualifies the verb ‘ponder,’ and is equivalent to an adverb.

96 This tacit comparison of the life of money-making to the life of animals who work without reason is very happy.

103 It was only after the battle of Culloden, in 1746, that roads were made through the Highlands, heritable jurisdictions abolished, and the Highlands brought under the dominion of law. The innovations were long unpopular.

107 The words 'faith and practice' prepare us for the religious controversy treated of in a postscript omitted here.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE.

Written in the same year to the same person.

5 *For.* 'In return for.'

6 'Something less.'

11 *Bairns' bairns* are to be pronounced as four syllables.

18 'Let those who like be kept free from work.'

19 'On the edge of the hill.' Not a very accurate use of the word.

22 Burns was a Freemason, and enjoyed the convivialities of his lodge.

26 *Bardie* and *clan* are two Celtic words, not accurately used. 'Clan' means 'children,' and suggests simply and historically the origin of the patriarchal state of society. It is here used loosely for 'company.' The bard was the family poet. He had a seat at the board of his chieftain, whose deeds, as well as those of his ancestors, he celebrated. Burns is not a bard; he is *Scoticae fidicen lyrae*.

30 The following stanzas well reflect his aimlessness at the time, and yet a dim consciousness that in holding fast by his poetic gifts he was effecting some end. Not to think, to be thoughtless, is absolutely at variance with the poetic life.

31 *Nae thought.* There is an ellipse. Probably 'thought,' 'view,' 'scheme.' 'Cares' are objects to a verb, like 'we have' understood.

33 'We just put our hands in our pockets.'

36 *Fash* is here a middle verb. 'Trouble ourselves.'

48 Another allusion to the chance of becoming a beggar at last.

TO JAMES SMITH.

"In a good-looking shop in one of the streets of Mauchline would have been found James Smith, a clever little dark-complexioned fellow, of bright social powers, and much sense and acuteness. To him Burns has cleaved like a brother, and many an evening do they spend together."—R. CHAMBERS. Written in 1785.

12 'I am more pleased with you every pair I wear out.'

16 *First* probably means 'on her plan, as it at first existed in her mind before she began to create;' hence 'ideally perfect.' The inference being, that when Nature came to practise, she

found that she did not as a rule realize her idea. Burns often recurs to the notion of the repeated efforts of Nature—

“Her prentice-han’ she tried on man,
But syne she made the lasses, oh!”

But it is possible that ‘first’ only means ‘foremost,’ ‘best.’

20 This year (1785) Burns was specially active.

24 He speaks of his verse as something ‘that’s comin’,’ whether he will or no; he is under an impulse to write which he cannot resist. Miss Brontë has eloquently expressed this feeling in a letter to Mr. Lewes: “When authors write best, or, at least, when they write most fluently, an influence seems to waken in them, which becomes their master, which will have its own way—putting out of view all behests but its own, dictating certain words, and insisting on their being used, whether vehement or measured in their nature; new-moulding characters, giving unthought-of turns to incidents, rejecting carefully-elaborated old ideas, and suddenly creating and adopting new ones.”

25 As Burns had done on Dr. Wilson, whom, by his most amusing *Death and Dr. Hornbook*, he fairly drove out of the country; and on Dr. Auld, and various champions of Auld-Light orthodoxy.

26 The ‘vain thought’ shows that the thought was already in his mind. Dr. Johnson’s opinion of the ultimate reason for writing is different: “He is a fool who writes for any other reason than because he is paid for it.”

27 As he also did, consoling himself with the thought—

“The mair they talk, I’m kent the better.”

29 ‘I never trouble myself about having an aim in writing; I rhyme for the pleasure of it.’

37 *Notion* means ‘intention.’ ‘I have taken a notion into my head.’

45 ‘As their debtors.’

48 *Unknown* is ‘predicative.’ ‘Their pages which are unknown.’

55 *Wi’ tentless heed* is equivalent to ‘not caring;’ hence the ‘how’ of the next verse.

65 ‘And freely let us go with the stream before the gale of Enjoyment.’ Perhaps the poet had in his mind the well-known lines of Shakespeare—

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”

85 *Pleasant* is an adverb, qualifying ‘frisk away.’

86 ‘While young Fancy’s rays adorn the hills.’

87 *Advice*. It will be observed that while Burns is invariably accurate and felicitous in the words in which he describes outward things, he is not always accurate in the language in which he speaks of mental phenomena.

- 92 *Brier* is pronounced *breer*.
 101 *Barren*. Because poorly furnished without and within.
 133 "George Dempster of Dunnichen, then a conspicuous orator in Parliament, and a friend to all patriotic institutions in his native land."—CHAMBERS.
 137 *Wit* in the sense of the knowledge of mankind.
 139 *Ye*; i.e. 'the Powers.'
 145 *I throws*. See above, *Epistle to Davie*, v. 90.
 146 'Behind my ear, or out of the plain direction of my nose;' i.e. 'I look straight to the front.'
 158 'Their faces have no lines, lineaments, or marks on which time, thought, or suffering have written letters or names.'
 161 *Basses* is nominative in apposition to 'ye.'
 168 Apparently the road in which the rattling squad are going; the thought of it is painful to the solemn people.

THE VISION.

In this poem (1785) he fairly sets before himself what his life should be. Of his poetic power he had hitherto spoken as almost an eccentricity, which prevented his becoming a successful farmer. He now fairly confesses his allegiance to the Muse alone.

Duan. A word borrowed from Macpherson's *Ossian*—a canto, or division.

2 Curling is a game played on the ice with large stones or curls. These curls are smooth on the bottom to run along the ice, and are used somewhat like bowls. From the shouts of the curlers when a good stone is delivered it is called the 'roaring game.' It is also called the 'bonspiel,' a word whose derivation is to be found in Low German, a 'village play.'

Quat is for 'had quitted;' *taen* for 'had taen.'

6 Observe in this verse how well the approach of evening is described. All nature feels the change—the sun, the curlers, the hare. The description of the hare is very characteristic of Burns: he does not think that he is losing his cabbages, but that the poor creature is cold and hungry.

7 *Weary* is used in an active sense, 'causing weariness.'

9 The walls of the spence, or best parlour, are still standing at Mossiel, though the room and farm-house generally is much altered.

19 Used as synonymous with 'air,' 'atmosphere.' So afterwards (page 79)

"To make a happy fireside clime
 For weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublimè
 O' human life."

- 20 Compare the sonnet of Milton, which begins—
 “How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year.”
- 26 ‘Have been the chief man on a market; regulated the price of buying and selling.’ ‘By this’= ‘by this time.’
- 30 ‘The balance;’ ‘amount to my credit.’
- 38 *Jee*, as in the carter’s word to his horse, is probably the imperative of ‘gehen,’ ‘geh,’ ‘go on.’
- 46 “I stared, as full of superstitious fear as if I had been thrown to the ground, by meeting a being of the other world in some wild glen.”—A. CHAMBERS.
- 51 Why do the holly-boughs suggest a Scottish Muse? Probably from some resemblance between the holly and the thistle.
- 54 ‘Which would soon have been broken.’
- 55 This verse has occurred in the *Letter to James Smith*, v. 157.
- 59 Perhaps he is describing his own eyes, which had, we know, so remarkable a light. *Even turned*—‘even when turned,’ though not gazing on anything in particular which might have lighted them up.
- 61 It is strange that the Lowland Muse should be dressed in tartan, the garb of the Highlands. That she is so dressed is a proof that Celt and Saxon were in Burns’ time united in feeling. That they were so united was probably due partly to the romantic and chivalrous spirit which the Highlands shewed in 1745, and partly to the intercourse with the Highlands which arose after the suppression of the rebellion.
- 65 *Clean*. ‘Elegant in shape.’
- 81 The river Ayr; perhaps called hermit because it receives no tributaries, to distinguish it from ‘well-fed Irwine.’
- 86 The borough of Ayr, which obtained a charter in the beginning of the 13th century.
- 87 ‘May be read.’
- 90 So in the first edition the first Duan ends. In the second were added seven additional stanzas in honour of those Ayrshire families who had befriended the poet. These stanzas are here omitted.

DUAN SECOND.

- 1 For ‘deep,’ or ‘deeply-musing;’ an irregularly formed adjective.
- 4 ‘Of a sweet relationship.’
- 15 *All* is not an adverb for ‘altogether,’ but adjective agreeing with ‘who.’
- 22 The very centre of corruption.
Fullarton. A gentleman of Ayrshire.
- 23 *Care*. An objective case of apposition to the verbal notion contained in *teach*.

26 'They pour on, bring to the front, ardent, kindling spirits.'

27 The Marquis of Rockingham was the first Minister of George III. who attempted to lead the Parliament without bribing the members.

28 *Sightless* = 'unseen.'

32 Subjunctive mood.

33-36. They give a purpose to the otherwise objectless language of the poet, and give a point to the wisdom which would otherwise fail to be persuasive.

37 *Hence*. 'From their assistance, or under their guidance.'

39 Beattie was Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen, and had written, besides poems, philosophical works designed to defend religion and morals against the sceptical theories of David Hume.

67 The idea of this visionary being is acknowledged by Burns himself to have been taken from the *Scots* of Mr. Alexander Ross, a Mearns poet, author of a pastoral of some merit, *The Fortunate Shepherdess*.—R. CHAMBERS.

69 'The Loudoun branch of the Campbells. Mossiel and much of the neighbouring ground was the property of the Earl of Loudoun.'—R. CHAMBERS.

72 *I marked thy natal hour*. Cp. Horace, *Odes*, iv. 3, 1.

'Quem tu, Melpomene, semel

Nascentem placido lumine videris.'

73 'With hopes for the future.' Proleptic use of adjective.

77 *Fired* agrees with 'of thee,' a genitive supplied out of 'thy.' Probably he refers to the rhyme of *Blind Harry*, which he had read in a modern version.

83 'I saw how.' Again observe the poet's partiality for the wintry season.

87 Apparently for 'were pouring.'

92 The alliteration well describes the crackling sound of the crisp grain as it falls before the scythe or sickle.

99 *Accents* is the object after pour; *name* is in apposition to accents.

104 *Wild*. 'Wildly.'

107 'The ray of Fancy shone from heaven; the uncontrollable passion with which it was followed led astray.'

110 *Swains*. This word is a relic of the unnatural pastoral language of Pope and Shenstone.

118 It is strange that Burns should not have been conscious of his superiority to Shenstone; not apparently aware that he felt the feelings about which others talked.

124 'The shade of his arms,' '*annosa brachia*.'

132 Agreeing with a genitive to be supplied from 'thine.'

136 Hardly a good epithet for the 'soul.'

138 These are to be the poet's aims—'to nurse his poetic power, to do honour to his manhood, to have faith in God.'

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE.

Mrs. Scott, of Wauchope House, in Roxburghshire, sent to Burns when in Edinburgh, in 1787, a rhyming letter, offering, she knew where he lived, to send him a plaid—

"Fra south as weel as north, my lad,
A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the maud."

3 The grain was put on the floor of the barn to be threshed.

12 *The tither.* 'The next.'

15 After 'a wish' supply 'heaved my breast.'

21 *Bur-thistle* is governed by 'aside,' 'aside from.'

32 *Har'st.* 'Harvest-day.'

33 *Core.* 'Company.' The partner was Nelly Kirkpatrick, the blacksmith's daughter. See *Life of Burns*, page 13.

34 *Forming* is middle, shaping itself into form.

41 *Dashing* apparently means 'moving awkwardly,' or 'impetuously,' as a half-grown boy. The awkward stanza is probably the cause of this use of the word.

45 'And let us be there.'

62 'To the ninth degree.'

64 *Douce* for 'doucely,' as 'wild' for 'wildly' in *v.* 31.

All the above poem is not of equal merit; but the second stanza seemed to demand selection.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Dr. Thomas Blacklock was blind from early infancy; yet he was a poet, a clergyman, possessed of much general intelligence, and of a warm and benevolent heart. In 1773 Dr. Johnson, on his return from his Hebridean journey, had "looked upon him with veneration." It was chiefly owing to his encouragement that Burns went to Edinburgh.

He wrote to Burns in August, 1789, and received this answer from Ellisland.

4 Your little 'jaunt' would restore your health, bring you round.

21 *Proud* is used in the sense of 'independent,' 'unwilling to accept a favour.'

32 *Carl-hemp* is to be pronounced in three syllables. 'Carl-hemp' means the 'male hemp,' and is that which bears the seed. "Ye have a stalk o' carl-hemp in you" is a Scotch proverb.—R. CHAMBERS.

39 *Climo*. See the *Vision*, v. 19.

41 *Sublime*. An adjective used with the article as an abstract substantive. This is common enough when the adjective used by itself; but to join it co-ordinately with a simple substantive is unusual.

47 He writes somewhat lightly, but the serious vein is plainly really felt all through. Indeed it is somewhat free *parlance* address as a 'gude old cockie' the man for whom Dr. Johnson 'felt a veneration.' Still an earnestness breathes in the wish and resolution.

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

Written at Ellisland in February, 1791, on the death of the earl, who had been one of Burns' earliest patrons. The poet made his acquaintance on his visit to Edinburgh, and thus writes of him at that time: "The noble Glencairn took me by the hand to-day, and interested himself in my concerns with goodness like that benevolent being whose image he so richly bears. He is a stronger proof of the immortality of the soul than any that philosophy ever produced. A mind like his can never die."

Again: "I have found a worthy warm friend in Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, who introduced me to Lord Glencairn, a man whose worth and brotherly kindness to me I shall remember when time shall be no more."

The following quotation from Burns' diary will illustrate once more the quiet manners of the earl and the poet's impatience with the ordinances of society: "The noble Glencairn has wounded me to the quick here, because I dearly esteem, respect, and love him. He showed so much attention, engrossing attention, one day to the only blockhead at table (the whole company consisted of his lordship, dunderpate, and myself), that I was within half a point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance but he shook my hand, and looked so benevolently good parting. God bless him! Though I should never see him more, I shall love him to my dying day."

He never did forget him; he put on mourning at his untimely death, and afterwards called one of his sons James Glencairn Burns.

4 *Lugar*. A river of Ayrshire.

20 *The honours of the year* are 'the leaves.' Cp. Virgil *Georg.* ii. 404: "Silvis Aquilo decussit honorem;" and *in honores* in Horace, *Odes*, i. 17, 16.

32 *Plant them* is a middle use of the verb.

36 This verse is borrowed from a paraphrase from Scripture

by Dr. Watts. It was familiar to Burns from its being frequently sung in Scotch churches.

48 With 'hope on forward wing' compare *Cottar's Saturday Night*, v. 138—

"Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing."

51 *Resound* is used transitively.

56 *Thou brought* is apparently ungrammatical; really an old form of declension. See page 46.

78 Borrowed from Isaiah xlix. 14, 15—

"But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me,
And my Lord hath forgotten me.

Can a woman forget her sucking child,

That she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?

Yea, they may forget,

Yet will not I forget thee."

INSCRIPTION ON FERGUSSON'S TOMBSTONE.

On reaching Edinburgh, Burns "wandered about, looking down from Arthur Seat, surveying the palace, gazing at the castle, or contemplating the windows of the booksellers' shops, where he saw all works save the poems of the Ayrshire ploughman. He found his way to the lonely grave of Fergusson, and kneeling down, kissed the sod. He sought out the house of Allan Ramsay, and on entering it, took off his hat; and when he was afterwards introduced to Creech, the bibliopole remembered that he had before heard him enquiring if this had been the shop of the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*."—CUNNINGHAM.

Six weeks after his arrival he asked leave of the magistrates of the Canongate to erect a tombstone above the remains of his brother poet. Leave was granted, and the first four lines of the piece here printed are still to be seen inscribed on the tomb.

Few qualities in Burns can give his admirers more permanent satisfaction than the modesty with which he subordinated his own powers to those of Ramsay and Fergusson. He felt how much he owed to them, and the depth of his gratitude obscured the vision of his reason, which would have told him how his own powers transcended theirs.

2 This verse is from Gray's *Elegy*.

7 *Lay by* is 'stood inactive,' 'idle.' Compare Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, act iii. scene i.—

"Everything that heard him play,

Even the billows of the sea,

Hung their heads, and then lay by."

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

The young friend to whom this epistle was written (May, 1786) was Andrew Aiken, son of Mr. Robert Aiken, to whom *The Cottar's Saturday Night* is dedicated. The lad was starting for Liverpool; to begin a commercial life there.

4 *Ellipse* of 'as' or 'to be,' before 'a kind memento.'

9 *World* is dissyllabic, as it is universally pronounced in the Lowlands.

13 The meaning of this couplet is, 'You may attain your purpose, and find that your troubles are only beginning with your apparent success.' Or again, 'You may give yourself every trouble which you can endure, and yet no consequence may coincide with your expectation.'

24 'If when men hesitate thoughts of self intrude, they drag the balance down in the wrong direction.'

25 'As for those who.' 'They' is logically the subject of thought. Grammatically it does not construe.

30 *Him*. We use the same construction in the phrase, 'Stare him in the face.'

31 Means 'sympathize with his neighbour.'

36 The inborn canniness of the Scot appears in these two lines. Read them, 'You only tell to one or two,' and they are probably true.

33-40 The meaning is more in the manner of Machiavelli than of Burns.

48 Said from a bitter self-consciousness.

60 *Border* is 'limit,' 'sign to go no further.' "*Hic murus aheneus esto.*"

61 *Touches*. 'At its slightest touches, pause at once.'

64 *Uncaring* = 'not caring for.'

72 A true and felicitous couplet. But the loss is not only in the offence to the Deity, but in the warping and dwarfing of the mind, which treats with levity or scoffing such a subject as the existence of the Deity, and His relation to the soul of man.

73 *Ranting* is 'going about foolishly and without purpose.'

84 *Undaunting* is neuter. 'Make you hold your head high, undaunted.'

88 This was true enough at the time when he wrote; but the strange and melancholy fact of Burns' life is, that his after life fell still further away from much of the best of the counsel he gives here, which in his sober moments he approved.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Written in 1786 in prospect of departure to the West Indies, death to his former life, death to the scenes of Scotland, which he held so dear. The truth and pathos of the epitaph baffles any after criticism. Side by side with this, the scholar should read the verses which were suggested to Wordsworth by his visit to the grave of Burns.

3 'Too timid to ask for assistance,' 'too proud to cringe.'

9 'The church-yard.' In Scotland always the scene of a 'crack,' either before or after service. The parish may be wide, and through the week men and women are too busy to see each other. The meeting at the kirk is not allowed to pass by.

26 Cf. Horace, *Odes*, i. 28, 5—

"Aerias tentasse domos animoque rotundum
percurrisse polum morituro."

29 "Yes, and enjoyment's root also! though I should take exception to the words prudent and cautious; for no life can be perfect which is overmastered by either prudence or caution."

—STOPFORD BROOKE.

III.

The following five selections illustrate the poet's sympathy with the life of animals, and of the inanimate world. This catholicity of feeling, this enlargement of the heart, was an innovation upon the coldness and the sentimentalism of his time. While the "Ayrshire ploughman" was writing these verses, William Cowper, in his quiet retirement at Olney, was tending his three hares, and writing on his favourite puss. It is worth while to contrast the contemporary poets, who, in manner so different, were accomplishing the same work. The one, a peasant born, of strong physique and rough voice, seeking the society of all men; the other, gently born, slightly made, shunning all manual work, and all society save that of a very few. But they have much in common—a command of humour, pathos, and satire; simplicity, directness, warmth of feeling; the same manliness of independence, the same sympathy with the poor. Under different conditions they speak the same language; they bid us look to Nature, and learn from her whether she speaks to us in the beauty of the daisy, or in the simple habits of the hare. Each in his own way, they call upon us to regard human life not as a phenomenon standing alone in and unaffected by the multifarious life outside us, but to find in the human spirit that which draws into itself, and again reproduces in conscious activity, both the quiet harmony of the life of animals, and the varied beauty of the world of nature.

A WINTER NIGHT.

Written in 1785. The exposed position of Mossiel has already been described in a note to the *Epistle to Davie*.

1 *Boreas, Phæbus*. On these names cp. *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, v. 92.

2 The history of the word 'bower' is peculiar. Originally signifying a dwelling, the Icelandic 'baor' retains this meaning. In the Saxon dwelling small chambers opening off the great hall were used as ladies' apartments. These rooms were called the 'burs.' Hence the 'lady's bower;' hence a 'retired chamber,' an 'arbour,' the 'canopy of the trees.'

4 *Far south* is used as a kind of preposition governing 'lift,' as in 'besouth,' 'benorth.' The sun during winter appears in the south.

6 Observe the repeated alliterations of this stanza and their effect.

7, 8 These sentences are probably elliptical, and, though they stand as independent, are probably to be taken grammatically, as they certainly are logically, as introductory and subordinate to the main sentence beginning with, 'Listening one night when the storm rocked the steeples, when the poor labourer was fast asleep, when the burns were swirling and hurling down, then I—'

13 *Listening* must be taken as nominative, agreeing with 'I,' and 'rattle' as an infinitive without 'to' after 'listening.'

21 *Delighted* is for 'didst delight.' As has been said before, this, as well as other apparently ungrammatical forms, is not a vulgar corruption, but a relic of the grammatical forms of the northern dialects of the English language. Had Hampole been as universal a poet as Chaucer, it is probable that the northern and not the southern dialects of English would have been the standard of our present grammar.

25 *You*, the logical subject, is introduced before its proper grammatical position; it is governed by 'forgets;' so are also 'roost,' and 'sheep-cote:' though they are logically in apposition to 'you,' they fill up the logical idea of 'you.'

25 *Toiled* is for 'toiling,' 'spent with labour,' 'worked out.'

30 *Sore* is adverbial. So 'sweet' in v. 2.

32 *Muffled*. The 'mobled queen' of Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2.

33 *Still crowding* is 'ever crowding.'

37 The transition from the inclemency of nature to the hard-heartedness of man is easy. The following verses, quoted by Mr. Chambers, were probably in the poet's mind—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky !
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot."

40 *United* apparently agrees with 'rage,' but probably agrees with a genitive implied in 'your.'

43 The three following stanzas may be contrasted with the preceding. The first are written in the dialect native to the poet, and are simple and tender, powerful and graphic; each word a thought. The second are in the English which he had acquired from books, and though written with power, have not the same simple grace of natural feeling.

56 *Creature*. 'As being a creature.'

62 'Is there one who can harbour.'

65 *Mark* is imperative.

68 'The rising control of pity.'

77 An absolute construction.

80 *Piles* is middle.

96 Cp. the following extract from a letter to Mr. Hill, 1790 :
 "Mankind are by nature benevolent creatures, except in a few scoundrelly instances. There are in every age a few souls that all the wants and woes of life cannot debase to selfishness, or even to the necessary alloy of caution and prudence. If ever I am in danger of vanity, it is when I contemplate myself on this side of my disposition and character. God knows I am no saint; I have a whole list of follies and sins to answer for; but if I could, and I believe I do it as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from all eyes."

TO HIS AULD MARE, MAGGIE.

Written in 1786, in the assumed character of an old farmer.

6 *Lay* is apparently for 'ley' or 'lea' = lea, pasture or unploughed field; the field which *lies* untilled.

7 *Thou is*. See *Peculiarities of Dialect*.

11 'He should have been resolute who.' 'Strong' probably etymologically = 'one whose nerves are strung.'

16 *Tread* for 'trode.' Another form of the past.

22 *Mark* is an 'old coin' (13s. 4d. Scots; 1s. 1½d. sterling).

29 *Quiet* is pronounced in one syllable, 'quâte,' 'quiète.'

35 *Bragged* = 'have bragged.' In the sense of 'challenged.'

39 *Ye was* again is not a vulgarity. The Northumbrian plural retains an 's.'

41 *Ran* = 'raced them.'

49 *Mellow* = 'adpotus bene.'

53 *Every tail* is in apposition to 'them.' 'But thou paid them, every tail of them.'

56 'In six Scotch miles,' objective case of distance. A Scotch mile, especially if a 'bittock' be added, has the credit of being rather beyond the common 1,760 yards.

63 *Thee and I* is ungrammatical; 'thee' being taken as nominative on the analogy of the plural 'you,' which is both nominative and accusative.

72 'You never raged, and pulled, and kicked, but you would have whisked your old tail, and put out your well-filled breast with all your might, till the hillocks, full of tough roots, would have given a crack and groan, and fallen softly over.'

78 'I gave your dish a slight heap up above the wooden part of it. I knew that my Maggie would not be made sleepy by this extra food till summer time, when there was no ploughing to do, and she might have a snooze.'

85 'All the horses now at work in my plough are born from you.'

86 *Brutes* is in apposition to 'plough.'

87 'Besides there are six more which I have sold away.'

92 *Warl.* In two syllables.

100 'As to my last bushel.'

TO A MOUSE.

November, 1785. Burns ploughed with four horses; to drive them he had an assistant or *gaudsman*, while he himself guided the plough. John Blane, his assistant in 1785, remembered well the turning up of the mouse. He, a thoughtless youth, had run after the creature to kill it, and been called back by his master, who he noticed became thoughtful and abstracted.

1 Observe the endearing power of the diminutive 'beastie,' 'breastie,' 'housie,' 'mousie.'

10 *Startle* is used in a middle sense.

19 *Housie, naething, winds*, are all exclamations.

27 Observe how 'cozy,' which qualifies 'dwell,' draws the attention of the reader by its position in the beginning of the verse.

29 'The coulter (cultrum) is the knife fixed in front of the share; the coulter cuts the turf which the share then throws over.'

30 Compare 'out through' with 'out owre.'

33 *For.* 'In spite of,' or 'after.'

34 Cp. *Epistle to Davie*, v. 44—

"We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal'."

47 *Forward.* That is, 'as I cast my eye forward.'

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Also written at Mossiel in 1786. What Burns meant by a mountain daisy is uncertain. There is no difference between the *Bellis perennis* of the mountain and the *Bellis perennis* of the plain, except perhaps the slight difference of habit, that in the mountain plant the leaf is glossier and the petals of the corolla more frequently tipped with crimson. The mountain plant is also more dwarfed, which probably the poet had in his eye.

7 'It is not;' i.e. 'that which touches thee is not.'

13 *North*. For 'the north wind.' How much more natural this than 'Boreas.' Shakespeare uses the south for the south wind. (*Twelfth Night*, act i. scene i. 6.)

"That strain again! it hath a dying fall.

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour."

17 'Thou didst with difficulty rear.'

24 Perhaps suggested to Wordsworth the beautiful verse—

"A violet by a mossy stone

Half-hidden from the eye;

Fair as a star, when only one

Is shining in the sky."

31 The ensuing verses mark a weakness of the author. He must view nature for the purpose of moralising upon it, of putting his own sufferings into nature, and drawing them out again to be contemplated.

47 *Wrenched* is 'deprived of,' 'pulled off.'

39 *Card* is the surface of the compass, originally made of card-board. So in *Macbeth*, act i. scene iii.—

"All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card."

43 *Who*. Because 'worth' = 'worthy men.'

49 *Thou* is 'as for thee.' The word has no grammatical construction, though logically 'thou' is the subject of thought.

51 *Elate* = 'triumphant;' as it implies the meaning of *elatus*, 'carried on high,' and the nature of the ploughshare is to burrow under the earth; the word is incongruously used.

53 'To be crushed;' a construction more according to the sense than the grammar.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE.

Of the circumstances under which these verses were written we have two accounts: "James Thomson, son of the occupier

of a farm adjoining Ellisland, told Allan Cunningham that it was he who wounded the animal. 'Burns,' said this person, 'was in the custom, when at home, of strolling by himself in the twilight every evening along the Nith and by the march (boundary-line) between his land and ours. The hares often came and nibbled our wheat-braird (the young shoot); and once in the gloaming—it was in April—I got a shot at one, and wounded her; she ran bleeding by Burns, who was pacing up and down by himself not far from me. He started, and with a bitter curse ordered me out of his sight, or he would throw me instantly into the Nith; and had I stayed, I'll warrant he would have been as good as his word, though I was both young and strong.'—LOCKHART.

Burns on 4th May, 1789, writes probably with greater accuracy: "I have just put the last hand to a little poem, which I think will be something to your taste. One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields sowing some grass seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a poor wounded hare came crippling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who would shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones. Indeed there is something in that business of destroying for our sport individuals in the animal creation that do not injure us materially which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue."

With the feeling of the poem compare the following verses from the *Brigs of Ayr*—

"The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)"

The verses have much true feeling, but are not free from the exaggeration which is natural to the poet when he writes in English. Does he, we may ask, think the farmer's lad a ruffian? Does he believe that his eye aims murder? or wish that eye to be blasted? Still the verses express, what Coleridge seems to teach in the rhyme of the *Ancient Mariner*, the true thought that to take pleasure in what must be pain and death to any living creature must necessarily deaden the sympathies and deaden the heart.

Form. The shape of itself which the hare makes among the dry grass.

SONGS

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Sent to Mr. Thomson in 1794.

I AM A SON OF MARS.

Taken from the cantata of *The Jolly Beggars*, written in 1785.
6 *The heights of Abraham*, in front of Quebec, where Wolfe died, in 1759, in the hour of victory.

8 *The Morro* was a bulwark which defends both the town and harbour of the Havannah, in Cuba, the chief centre of the Spanish West Indian trade. This fort was in 1762 destroyed, not without much loss, by the united efforts of General Albemarle and Admiral Pococke.

9 In 1782, during the siege of Gibraltar, the Spanish battering ships were first silenced by the fire from the garrison, and then destroyed by the English gunboats, commanded by Captain Curtis.

11 General Elliot, afterwards Lord Heathfield, who defended Gibraltar from 1781 to 1783 against repeated attacks of the Spaniards. This successful defence gave the old veteran a foremost position among English generals. Lord Clive was dead, and had never been popular in England. Burgoyne, Howe, and Lord Cornwallis in America, had failed successively to shed any lustre on English arms.

19 *Tell* = count.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

James Macpherson was a noted Highland freebooter, of great personal strength, and fond of playing on the violin. He was at last seized by Duff of Braco, and after trial was executed on the Gallowshill of Banff, in 1700.

"Another wild, stormful song that dwells in our ear and mind with a strange tenacity is *Macpherson's Farewell*. Perhaps there is something in the tradition itself that co-operates. For was not this grim Celt, this shaggy Northland Cacus, that 'lived a life of sturt and strife, and died by treacherie,' was not he too one of the Nimrods and Napoleons of the earth, in the arena of his own remote, misty glens, for want of a clearer and wider

one? Nay, was there a touch of grace given him? A fibre of love and softness, of poetry itself, must have lived in his savage heart; for he composed that air the night before his execution. On the wings of that poor melody his better soul would soar away above oblivion, pain, and all the ignominy of despair, which, like an avalanche, was hurling him to the abyss. Here also, as at Thebes, and in Pelops' line, was material Fate matched against man's Freewill—matched in bitterest though obscurest duel; and the ethereal soul sank not even in its blindness without a cry which has survived it. But who except Burns could have given words to such a soul; words that we never listen to without a strange half-barbarous, half-poetic, fellow-feeling?"—
THOMAS CARLYLE.

FOR A' THAT.

Sent to Mr. Thomson in January, 1795. Among the confused sounds of excited parties, and amid the uncongenial occupations of granting licenses or gauging malt, himself now for some years 'passed by on the other side' by the gentry of Dumfries, it is good to think of the poet in his morning walk over the Dock Green, or in the evening beside Lincluden Abbey, humming to himself and arranging in his mind these thrilling verses which express in a manner at once popular and permanent the principles which appeared 'revolutionary' to many good people in 1790.

Hodden-grey. The poet's favourite colour of dress.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

The authorship of these touching verses is uncertain. It seems probable that the subject and the refrain are ancient, but that much of the handling is due to Burns.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

William Gordon, sixth Viscount of Kenmure, raised a body of troops for the Pretender in 1715, and held the chief command of the insurgent forces in the south of Scotland. He was taken at Preston, tried, condemned, and executed.

This song is supposed to be an old ballad amended. It may represent the Jacobite feeling of Burns, which was entirely based on sentiment.

24 *Snaw.* The white rose—the *rosa Scotica*—was the emblem of the family of Stuart. It was first assumed as a badge by *James I.* on his return from his education in England.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

In 1795 two companies of volunteers were raised in Dumfries. The English army was for the most part on service abroad, and the French Convention threatened to land troops in England. It was a good opportunity for the poet and other Whigs to show that they had been falsely suspected of either anarchic or unpatriotic opinions. He consequently joined the corps, and in this song published his political opinions. The verses were very popular at the time. The opening verses of the third stanza deserve a more than passing popularity.

5 *Corsincon* is a hill at the source of the Nith.

6 *Criffel* is a mountain at the mouth of the Nith, overlooking the Solway Frith.

13 Cp. the closing lines of King John—

“Nought shall make us one,
If England to herself do prove but true.”

27 *Mob* is the ‘mob’-ile *vulgus*.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

There is a tradition that these verses were composed during a thunder-storm in the wilds of Kenmure, in Galloway. It is possible that the first inspiration of the song may have come upon the poet then; but it is certain that the song as it now stands was finally composed in an ‘evening walk’ at Dumfries (1793), when an old air, “Hey, tuttie, taittie,” rang in the poet’s ears, and filled his eyes with tears. He had often met with a tradition that this was the air to which Robert Bruce’s men had marched to Bannockburn. Meditating on the independence thus achieved, and on ‘other struggles of the same nature not quite so ancient,’ his thought arose to a pitch of enthusiasm, which found utterance in this song.

Of the song itself, there are two opinions. Wordsworth pronounced it to be ‘rhodomontade.’ Mr. Carlyle, on the other hand, holds that “so long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman, or in man, it will move in fierce thrills under this warode.”

BESSIE AND HER SPINNIN WHEEL.

Sent to Johnson for the Scots Musical Museum in 1792.

7 *Milk and meal* are the necessaries of life. A farm-servant receives his wage, and ‘meal and milk’ besides.

11 Two of Burns’ favourite trees.

26 *Envy* is accented on the second syllable, as above—*The Two Dogs*, v. 182.

JOHN ANDERSON.

This is an old song 'translated' by Burns; sent to Johnson in 1790 for the Musical Museum.

I COFT A STANE.

Said to be improved from an old song.

1 The lock at the neck of the sheep is the finest in the fleece. In old days these locks were kept and sold separately at a higher price. The gude wife of this song had bought a stone of this wool out of affection to her 'only jo.'

2 *To Johnny* is 'to fit Johnny'—*Vestimentum Joanni aptum.*

6 'The pulling it out, the making thread of it, the making warp, the winding of it.'

TAM GLEN.

Sent to Johnson in 1790. The method in which the heroine draws at once religion and superstition into the service of her affection, and bribes her sister with a hen to give the only advice which will be taken, is very natural and humorous.

3 *Anger* is 'to enrage.'

26 "Go out to a south-running spring or rivulet, where three lairds' lands meet, and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and some time near midnight an apparition, having the exact figure of your lover, will come and turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side of it."—BURNS.

AULD LANG SYNE.

"Is not the Scotch phrase, 'Auld lang syne,' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul."—To Mrs. Dunlop, from Ellisland, 1788. Afterwards, in 1793, in sending the song to Mr. Thomson, he describes it as "the old song of the olden times, which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, till I took it down from an old man's singing."

The second and third verses are said by Chambers to be undoubtedly the composition of Burns. An old version in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* is very weak compared with Burns' version.

17 'Surely you'll be your own measure of when you have had enough.'

THERE WAS A LASS.

Sent to Mr. Thomson in 1793. Burns thought it 'in his best style.' Jeanie was a Miss Macmurdo, daughter of a gentleman who lived near Dumfries.

24 Is not this stanza original? is the poet's own comment.

42 *Naething* gives a double negative, as is frequent in Chaucer's English. 'Or have anything else to trouble thee; but thou shalt stray,' &c.

HARK! THE MAVIS.

The refrain of this song is old. The song as it stands was sent to Mr. Thomson in 1794. Another result of a 'solitary stroll.'

The ruins of Lincluden Abbey are about a mile above Dumfries. Close to the abbey the river Cluden joins the Nith.

3 *A faulding* is a proper use of the gerundial substantive. 'A faulding' = 'on faulding'; 'asleep' = 'on sleep.'

GALLA WATER.

Sent to Mr. Thomson in 1793; suggested by an older song. The Galla, Ettrick, and Yarrow are all tributaries of the Tweed.

MY CHLORIS, MARK.

Sent to Mr. Thomson in 1794. Chloris was a Miss Jean Lorimer, daughter of a substantial farmer in the neighbourhood of Dumfries. She married imprudently, was deserted by her husband, and returned to her parents a widowed wife, but still a lovely girl; for she was only nineteen. Burns was a frequent visitor at her father's house, and was charmed and fascinated with the lady's beauty and intelligence, as he was touched by her misfortunes.

NANNIE'S AWA.

Written in 1792, on the absence of Mrs. MacLehose in the West Indies.

1 'Arrays herself;' another middle verb.

2 *Listens* for 'listens to.' So in *A Winter Night*, v. 13.

9 *Springs*. See *Peculiarities of Dialect*, ii. a.

11 With the 'fall' or 'to-fall' of the night, cp. '*ruit nox*,' and '*præcipitat nox*' of Virgil.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Sent to Mr. Thomson in 1795.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Written in 1787, in honour of Miss Jenny Cruikshank, daughter of Mr. Cruikshank, a teacher in the High School. The little girl was only twelve years old, but was a lovely child, and could sing Burns' songs as well as accompany herself on the harpsichord.

OH, OPEN THE DOOR!

Sent to Mr. Thomson in 1793. It seems to be suggested by the old ballad, *Lord Gregory*. Mr. Carlyle's criticism of the third stanza is, "that it gives to the saddest feeling the saddest environment and local habitation."

Æ FOND KISS.

A farewell to Clarinda, written in 1791. The fourth stanza Byron adopted as a motto for the *Bride of Abydos*, and Sir Walter Scott says of it, that "it contained the essence of a thousand love-tales."

GAE BRING TO ME.

The first four lines are old; the rest was written at Ellisland, and may be an after-echo of the time when he thought of leaving for the West Indies, and leaving his Highland Mary.

6 The Ferry, or Queensferry, is a village on the Firth of Forth, eight miles from Edinburgh. A wind from the Ferry (east) would be propitious to a ship sailing from Leith.

7 *Berwick-law* is a conical hill near the shore of the Firth of Forth. It is about twenty miles distant from Edinburgh, and very conspicuous. The name 'law' is a remnant of the time when the unwritten 'law' of the country was given out at the hill; so Largo Law, Dunse Law, and others.

OF A' THE AIRTS.

Written in 1788, in honour of Mrs. Burns. Burns was at Ellisland, but the farmsteading was not built, so that his wife *had still* to remain in Ayr with her father.

O MARY, AT THY WINDOW BE.

This beautiful lyric is in this respect remarkable, that it is also among the earliest of the poet's compositions. It was written in 1783 or 1784. It will be noticed that the majority of the songs here selected were written during the later years of the poet's life. It seems strange that neither cares nor crosses, poverty nor excess, should have dulled the edge of feeling and imagination; they did not.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Sent to Mr. Thomson in 1792. "The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days."

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

The story of the composition of these verses is quiet and affecting. On an evening of October, 1789, three years after the death of Mary Campbell, the poet came home after a hard day's work in the harvest-field. (There was a late harvest in 1789.) As twilight deepened, he 'seemed to grow very sad about something,' and left the house. He had a cold, and Mrs. Burns, fearing the effect of the frosty evening, came out repeatedly and begged him to come in. He always promised, and never came. At last Mrs. Burns found him lying on a heap of straw with his eyes fixed on a planet, which 'shone like another moon.' He then came in, and sitting down at once wrote these verses.

The verses are remarkable in this also, that, though not written in the Scotch dialect, they thrill with strength and pathos.

OH, WERT THOU IN!

These verses were composed in May, 1796, during the poet's last illness, for and in honour of Miss Jessie Lewars. She was the daughter of a brother exciseman, a friend of Mrs. Burns, and attended upon the poet during his last illness with unfailing assiduity and kindness. The words have been set to music by Mendelssohn.



GLOSSARY.

Abeigh, aloof, at a distance.

O. Fr. 'abai,' 'abbais.'

Eng. 'abay,' at bay. The guttural is probably due to a false analogy from words like 'dreigh,' 'hich,' &c.

abune, above, for aboven. A.S.

'abufan,' 'ufan,' above.

ae, one, often in the sense of 'unicus,' peerless, precious.

aft, *aftern*, oft, often.

agley, with a wrong turn, originally the past participle of the verb 'gley,' to squint. 'He's gaen gleyd,' he has gone wrong in his ways. Compare 'agone,' 'gegan-gen.'

ablins, perhaps. From able, the contingency depending upon ability to perform. -ins is an adverbial suffix. Compare 'sidelings;' also without the *s*, 'darkling.' *Paradise Lost*, book iii., 39—

"As the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note."

aih, oak. A.S. 'ak.'

ail, to be the matter with. 'What ails you?' = 'What is the matter with you?' 'What ailed you at him?'

= 'What fault did you find in him?'

ain, own.

air, early. This is an old adverb, the superlative of which remains in the word 'erst.' 'East,' the morning, where the sun rises, is probably from the same root, retaining the older *s*. Cp. Greek *ἠπ*, *ἠέριος*. Latin 'aurora.'

airt, direction, quarter of the heaven.' Ger. 'ort.' Cp. Lat. 'verto,' 'versus.'

aith, oath. Ger. 'eid.'

amaist, almost.

ance, once.

auht, eight.

auld, old.

auld-farrant, old-fashioned, shrewd, sagacious. 'Farrant' is for 'farrand,' and 'old' present participle of the verb 'to fare,' to have experience of. Ger. 'fahren.' Greek *ῥόρ-ος*, *ῥέρ-ας*. Lat. 'ex-per-ior,' 'per-itus.'

ava', at all, for 'of all.'

awa', away, along.

ay, aye, always. Greek *αἰε*. Lat. 'aevum.'

Ba', ball.

bade, preterite of 'bide,' to wait for, endure, abide. O.E. 'aby.'

baggie, little bag, humorously used for the stomach.

bairn, child. A.S. 'bearn,' to bear.

bairn-time, brood, children of one mother. A.S. 'bearn-team.' Connect the last syllable with Eng. 'teem,' 'teeming.'

ban, to curse, to use the name of the devil in a loose manner.

bandster, sheaf binder.

bane, bone. Ger. 'bein.'

barmie, swelling, as if full of barm or yeast.

basking, being bashful, or abashed.

bawlk, a strip of land left unploughed; from 'bawlk,' a beam. Ger. 'balk.'

bawsent, with a white mark on the forehead. Said to be from the Fr. 'balsan;' Ital. 'balzano;' Lat. 'bal-ius,' a horse with a white mark on head or foot. If this derivation be true, then Burns' dog Luath has its epithet in direct descent from 'Balius,' the horse of Achilles, *Iliad*, 16, 149.

bear, barley.

beets, inflame, set on fire; literally, to help or aid, to beet the fire = to add fuel to the fire. Cp. Eng. 'boot,' 'bootless,' 'booty,' 'better.' The word occurs in Arcite's prayer in *The Knight's Tale*—

"I wol don sacrifice, and fyres beete."

behin', behind.
beld, bald.

bell, the flower of a plant. 'Lint was in the bell,' flax was in blossom; 'to bear the bell,' to bear the prize, to be foremost.

belyve, anon, after a little, quickly. Chaucer has 'blyve,' *Knight's Tale*, v. 1839—

"And in a bed y-brought full fair and blyve."

It is the imperative of the A.S. 'belifan,' to wait, stay. Ger. 'bleiben.'

ben, within the house; properly a preposition. 'Gae ben the house,' go indoors; or as an adverb, 'Come ben,' come in. In the phrase 'a but and a ben,' for a house of two rooms, it is a substantive. Ger. 'binnen,' within.

besouth, to the south of. So 'benorth the Tweed,' to the north of the Tweed.

bickering, constantly moving, like the motion of little feet. 'As fast as ye can bicker.' A 'bicker' is a fight with stones, which are always flying.

bide, to wait, endure, abide. O.E. 'aby,' to endure.

bield, shelter, refuge from the wind. 'In the bield of the dyke.'

bien, in good circumstances, comfortable, snug.

big, to build. Icel. 'bua,' to dwell; 'bigk,' habitation. A.S. 'bycg-an,' to acquire. A 'bee-byke,' or bees-nest, is the dwelling of the bee. The *g* is a frequentative termination. Perhaps identical with Lat. 'fe-mina,' φυ-μενη, and the frequen-

- tative form with 'fac-io.'
Compare 'byre,' 'busk.'
- biggin*, a building, nest; so in names of places, 'Newbiggin by the Sea.'
- billie*, a brother, comrade, friend. Ger. 'billig,' equal.
- birken*, made of birch. The termination *-en* as in golden, earthen, brazen, silvern, oaken = 'made of.'
- birkie*, a lively, sometimes conceited young fellow. An 'old birkie,' an old boy.
- blae*, blue; so the 'blae berry,' the bilberry.
- blastit*, deformed, as if shrivelled or blasted.
- blate*, bashful, modest. Ger. 'blöde,' timid.
- blaw*, blow; 'to puff,' regain one's wind.
- blethers*, nonsense: perhaps from bladder, pronounced blather, to talk emptily or windily. But cp. German 'plaudern.'
- bluid*, blood.
- bocked*, issuing in gushing jets.
- bock*, to vomit.
- bonnie*, pretty. Fr. 'bon,' 'bonne.'
- bouse*, to drink deeply; as substantive, a carousal.
- brae*, a steep incline, or hill-side. From the Gaelic 'bruaigh,' a hill; 'Braemar,' the braes of Mar. 'Tighhabruaich,' the house on the hill.
- braid*, broad.
- braindge*, to run madly forward.
- brat*, coarse clothing, a rag. A.S. 'bratt.' The common meaning of 'brat' is a mischievous child, connected by Arch. Trench with 'brood.'
- brattle*, a short race; confused motion. The word implies a combination of motion and sound.
- braw*, well-drest, fine, handsome. Cp. 'bravery.' Fr. 'brave.'
- bravely*, very well.
- braxie*, a sheep which has died of disease.
- breastit*, raised the breast to spring.
- brent*, straight, not wrinkled; a bent brow, a high forehead; Brent-knoll, Brent-torr, are names given to two steep hills in Somerset and Devon.
- brisket*, breast, usually applied to a cut of meat in a butcher's shop. Fr. 'brichet.'
- brock*, a badger. Brixham, in Devon, is originally Brocksham, the home of the badger. So Broxbourne, in Hertfordshire, the badger's burn, or brook.
- broose*, a race at a marriage-feast; so named because the successful runner was rewarded with 'brose.'
- brose*, a dish made by pouring boiling water or broth upon meal. 'Water-brose,' brose made with water; 'kail-brose,' made with broth or 'kail'; 'pease-brose,' brose made with pease-meal.
- buirldly*, strong, well-framed, shapely, burly. Ger. 'bauerlich,' like a boor. 'Byrlaw,' a meeting of peasants or boors, a village court; then a noisy meeting. From this, by onomatopœia, the word 'hurly-burly' is formed to mean 'noise' or 'noisy.'

bum-buck, the humming-beetle.

A large blue beetle, which comes out towards evening, and makes a loud sound in flight.

bum, to hum. Ger. 'bummen.'

burr, perfect of bear, did bear.

busk, to dress; to attire finely.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride." 'Buskit and boun,' dressed and ready. From the root 'bua-sic,' to dress oneself. 'Boun,' our 'bound for,' is the past participle of the same. 'Busk' is now chiefly used for dressing fishing-tackle.

but, without. "Touch not the cat, but a glove," is the motto of the clan Chattan.

by, by my nose, beside; out of the way of; past.

byre, a cowhouse; also from the root 'bua,' to dwell.

Ger. 'bauen.' 'Bu' meant house and goods, and remains in the sense of dwelling in the times of towns founded in England by our Danish or Scandinavian ancestors. 'Whitby,' the white dwelling; 'Ashby,' the house of the ash; 'Duncansby,' Duncan's town. 'Byr' is a collateral form of 'ba,' and in its application to the 'cowhouse' solely it points to the time when a man's cows were all his 'bû,' his substance, which gave him a 'dwelling.' This state of society remained in the Hebrides less than a hundred years ago. Dr. Johnson writes in his Journal: "They

do not indeed often give money with their daughters: the question is, How many cows a young lady will bring her husband? A rich maiden has from ten to forty: but two cows are a decent fortune for one who pretends to no distinction."

Ca', call.

caird, a gipsy, a tinker, a sturdy beggar. Ir. 'ceard,' a tinker.

callan, or *callant*, a young lad; more or less expressive of affection. Fr. 'gallant.'

caller, cool, fresh, refreshing.

canna, cannot.

cannie, cautious, softly, wary, lucky. A 'cannie errand,' an easy errand. Ger. 'kennen,' to know. Lat. 'gn-osco.' Gr. γιν-ωσκω. The meanings of canny may all be deduced from the active sense 'knowing,' or the passive 'known.' A 'canny lad' is one who 'knows what he is about,' or whose good sense is 'known.' So a 'canny Scot,' 'canny Newcastle,' 'canny Yorkshire.' The opposite, un-canny, is always used in the sense of unlucky.

canty, lively, cheerful. Gaelic 'cainteach,' talkative.

carl-hemp, the hemp that bears the seed. A.S. 'carl,' a man.

carle, man.

carlin, feminine of carl, an old woman.

cartes, cards. Fr. 'carte.'

cast out, to quarrel.

ca't, called.

cattle, used of horses.

chanter, the drone of a bag-pipe. Gaelic 'cantair,' a singer, like *pibroch*, the tune of the piper. 'Chanter' is an English word Gaelicised, and then in its Gaelic form borrowed back into English again.

chiel, a child, or servant, a fellow. Ger. 'kind.'

chimla, a chimney. Fr. 'cheminée;' Lat. 'caminus.'

chitter, to shiver, to rattle the teeth with cold. Ger. 'zitteren.'

chuckie, a little chuck, or chicken, an old hen.

chow, to chew.

claes, clothes.

clavers, idle talk, gossip. Gael. 'clabaire,' a babbling fellow.

clarkit, counted up, as a clerk does.

clash, talk.

claught, seize.

claw, to scratch.

cleed, to clothe. Ger. 'kleiden.'

clout, a patch, from cloth. 'Clouted shoes' is used in the book of Judges of the dress of the Gibeonites.

cog, a wooden vessel for holding food. Gaelic 'guaich.' Also 'coggan,' a bowl.

coft, bought. Ger. 'kaufen.' Cp. 'chapman,' a pedlar, a man who takes in exchange; also 'coup' in 'horse-couper,' a horse-dealer. Cheap-side is from the same root; and Chipping-Norton is a compound like Market-Drayton.

collie, a shepherd's dog. Gael. 'culie,' a little dog.

cood, cud.

coof, a simpleton, a fool.

core, a company. Fr. 'corps.'

corni, fed, full of corn.

cotfolk, poor people who live in cottages, cottars.

coulter, the knife fixed in front of the plough-share to cut through the turf. Latin 'cultrum,' a knife.

crabbed, crabbed, cross.

crack, to chat, talk, boast; from the 'crackle' or noise of the voice. Cp. *clash*.

cranreuch, hoar-frost. Gaelic 'crauntarach.'

craw, crow.

creel, ozier basket, such as fishermen use. Gael. 'criol.' The mind in a state of confusion is said to be 'in a creel,' as it were caught in a basket.

croods, coos, a word derived from the sound.

crouse, boldly; 'cracking crouse,' talking somewhat big. Fr. 'courroucé.'

curple, the crupper, or croupe; facetiously spoken of the human person. Fr. 'croupe.'

cushat, the wood-pigeon. A. S. 'cusceote.'

Daffin, sport, folly, gaiety. 'To daff,' to act foolishly.

dafi, that has become foolish, mad.

daimen-icker, an occasional ear of corn. 'Icker' from A. S. 'accen,' a field, crop, grain; 'Daimen' of dubious derivation, perhaps from 'deem,' counted, here and there.

damies, little ladies; diminutive from 'dame.'

darg, a day-work. The word

comes to mean simply 'work,' as it is commonly used in the expression 'a gude day's darg.' 'Love-darg' is work which is not done on compulsion, or for pay, but out of affection. *dauntingly*, fearlessly, so as to cause fear. Fr. 'dompter.' *daurk*, day's-work *v.* darg. *daur't*, dared. *dead*, or *deid*, death. *deave*, to deafen, stupify. *deil*, devil; 'deil haet,' the devil have it, nothing. *descrie*, describe. *diddle*, to move quickly, shake; often used in the sense of 'deceiving.' *dight*, to prepare, clean. A.S. 'diht-an;,' Ger. 'dichten,' ge-dicht. *dinna*, do not. *dinsome*, full of din; the termination = Ger. 'sam.' *dizzen*, task, a dozen cuts of yarn, enough for a woman to spin in a day. *donsie*, mischievous, saucy, unlucky. Gael. 'donas,' ill-luck. *dool*, grief, distress. Fr. 'deuil.' *doure*, hard and stubborn; usually applied to temper, obstinate. Fr. 'dur.' *dow*, are able. A.S. 'dagan,' to be strong. Ger. 'taugen,' to be good for; and perhaps 'ge-dieh-en,' to thrive. *dowie*, or *dolly*, dull, sorrowful, doleful. *draiglet*, draggled. *drap*, drop. *dreeping*, dripping. *dreich*, dry, slow, tedious, long-drawn-out. Connected with 'draw,' drag.

droop-rumpled, drooping at the hind quarters. *droukit*, drenched, soused. The word is either a collateral form of 'drenched,' or it is formed from 'drouk,' to plunge in water, by addition of an *r* to "give the tongue a better grip" of the word. The words in brackets are the expression of a fish-wife who, according to Dean Ramsay, named her had-docks 'findram,' instead of 'finnan,' for that reason. *drouth*, dryness, thirst, drought. *drumly*, troubled, muddy. *duddie*, little pieces of clothing, rags; also as adjective, clothed in rags = 'duds,' Gael. 'dud,' a rag; 'dudach,' ragged. *dusht*, knocked down. *dyke*, a wall. Connect with 'dig' and 'ditch.' 'Dyke' in Northumberland means a ditch. The ditch is dug; with the earth so created is formed the dyke. *E'e*, eye. Ger. 'auge;,' Lat. 'oc-ulus;,' Gr. $\delta\sigma\sigma\epsilon$. The *g* remains in Eng. 'ogle.' Cp. 'winnock.' *erie*, affected with fear, usually superstitious fear. *eild*, old age, eld. A.S. 'yld,' an age, time of life, not necessarily old age. *elbuck*, elbow. Ger. 'ellen-bogen,' the bend of the arm. *Enbrugh*, Edinburgh. *eydent*, diligent; originally a participle 'ithand.' Isl. 'id,' work. *Fa'*, lot, fortune.

fa', fall, to chance, happen. 'He maunna fa' that,' he must not attempt that. The metaphor seems to be from 'warstling a fa', wrestling, grappling with a task. 'He must not try that, for he will fail egregiously.' Jamieson however gives 'fa' in the sense of 'obtain,' have as the lot which falls to him.

factor, a manager of estates.

faikit, folded, laid by for a while, not exerting oneself. Ger. 'fach.'

fain, anxious to be doing something; also fond of.

farrant, farand, sagacious *v.* 'auld-farrant.'

fashed, troubled. Fr. 'fâché.'

faulding, folding, gathering the sheep into the fold.

faut, fault.

fawson, proper, seemly; 'fashioned,' having good manners.

fear, to frighten. This use of 'fear' occurs in Shakespeare—

"We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey."

Cp. 'lear' and 'learn.'

fecht, to fight. Ger. 'fechten.'

feg, a fig.

fell, a hill. Common in the names of hills in the north of England and south of Scotland. 'Scawfell,' 'Hart-fell.' The name 'Goatfell,' in the island of Arran, is probably from the same source. It seems to be a Scandinavian name which, appearing in a Gaelic country, has perplexed etymologists. But there are a considerable

number of Scandinavian names on the west coast of Scotland; *e.g.* 'Skipness' in Cantyre, 'Laxford' in Sutherland.

fell; adjective 'biting,' sharp. 'Biting Boreasfell and dour.'

In the *Cottar's Saturday Night* the verse, "Her weel-hained kebbuck fell, and aft he's pressed," may be taken in two ways. Mr. Chambers makes 'fell' an adjective; 'her biting cheese,' her cheese well-flavoured. I incline to think 'fell' an adverb, running into the next verse, 'Hard and often he is pressed;' *i.e.* asked to take more.

fen, fend, make a shift; to 'fend,' to ward off, to defend.

ferlic, to wonder.

ferly, a wonder. A.S. 'faerlic,' something unexpected. Ger. 'ge-fährlich.'

fetch, pull intermittently.

fidge, to fidget. Cp. *fyke*.

fiel, soft and smooth, clean and comfortable.

fient, fiend, fient a pride, not a bit of pride. Ger. 'feind,' enemy.

fier, 'hale and fier,' whole and entire.

fier, a companion, fere. A.S. 'gefer-a,' a companion.

fit, a foot.

fittie-land, foot-the-land. The nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.

flichtering, fluttering; said of children who run with outspread arms towards those to whom they are attached.

flingin-tree, a flail, properly the

- lower part, the wood which flings loose. 'Tree' is used in its original sense of 'wood,' 'or something made of wood.' Gr. *δῶν*-v.
- fisk*, to skip, caper. For the termination see *busk*.
- foggage*, moss, formed from 'fog,' moss, as leafage from leaf.
- forbye*, besides, into the bargain.
- forfouchten*, greatly fatigued; lit. exhausted with fighting, fought out, 'debellatum,' 'ver-fechten.' The prefix is identical with the Ger. 'ver,' A.S. 'for.'
- forgather*, meet. Prefix as in 'forfouchten.' Cp. such words as 'forbid,' 'forego,' 'forspent,' 'foreslow,' 'forworn,' 'fordone,' 'forewearied,' and modern imitations, as 'forwept.'
- forrit*, forwards.
- fou*, full, 'adpotus.'
- fou*, a heap of corn in the sheaves.
- foughten*, troubled, oppressed. Cp. 'forfouchten.'
- frae*, from.
- fu*, full.
- fyke*, to be restless, make a fuss. Cp. 'fidge.'
- Gae*, go.
- gaed*, went.
- gang*, to go. A.S. 'gangan,' from 'ga-an;' Ger. 'gehen,' to go. The root 'ga' appears to be both nasalised and reduplicated. Mr. Murray observes that even in Sanscrit there are two root forms, 'ga' and 'gan.' Cp. Ger. 'gehen,' 'gegangen.'
- gar*, to cause, make, force.
- gash*, sagacious and lively.
- gat*, got.
- gate*, a direction, or manner. 'Gang your ain gait,' go on your own way. Ger. 'geht ihren gang.' Is this the gait, the manner? Connect with 'ga.'
- gauger*, an exciseman, who measures or gauges articles of merchandise.
- gaun*, for 'gaand,' going. 'Aught hours gaun,' eight hours one after the other.
- gavel*, house corner, gable.
- gawwie*, big, jolly.
- gear*, goods, property. In earlier authors used chiefly of the attire of war. Icel. 'geir,' arms.
- ghaist*, a ghost.
- gie*, *gied*, give, gave.
- gif*, if, the imperative of give. 'Granted,' 'on the supposition that.'
- gin*, if, apparently for gien, given, granted; an ablative absolute. Cp. the Latin use of the ablative of a perf. part. pass. by itself; e.g. *cognito*, 'as it was known.'
- glaukit*, become foolish. The 'glauks' are the 'glances' of the evil eye which produce folly.
- glazie*, glossy.
- glesome*, full of glee. Cp. 'dinsome.'
- glinted*, glanced; of light which shines through darkness, as sunlight through trees.
- gloaming*, sometimes 'gloamd;' the twilight, glooming. A.S. 'glomung.'
- gloure*, to stare fixedly.
- gowany*, covered with gowans,

or daisies. Gael. 'gugan,'
a daisy.

gowl, gold.

granes, groans.

gree, superiority; to bear the
gree, carry off the prize.

Gree is the French 'gré.'

Lat. *gratia*. The word is used
by Chaucer in a similar sense,

Knight's Tale, v. 1875—

"For which anon Duk Theseus leet crie
To stynten alle rancour and enoye
The gree as well of o syde as of other."

gree, to agree, 'à gré' to your
will.

grips, gripes, or bodily seizures,
or spasms.

grushie, of thriving growth.
Connect with 'grow.'

guid, good.

guid-father, good-father, father-
in-law.

guid-willie, taken in affection
or good-will.

Ha', hall.

ha' Bible, hall-Bible.

hae, have; 'hae,' here, take
this.

haet, have it.

hafts, temples. A.S. 'healf-
heafod,' half of the head.

hafflins, dubiously, in the
manner of a 'hafflin,' or
not fully grown person.
Connect with half. Cp.
'aiblins.'

haith, ho, there; not so fast.

hain, to spare, preserve, not
to spend. Cp. 'haining,' a
hedge, enclosure.

haivers, foolish talk.

hald, hold, stronghold.

hallan, a partition in a cottage
which keeps the draft of the
door off the fire and the
inside of the room generally.

hallowmas, the 31st of Oct.,
the eve of All or Hallowes,
All Saints' Day.

hame, home. A.S. 'ham,'
which appears in many local
English names, as Birming-
ham, Cobham, Culham. Cp.
also 'hamlet.'

hamely, homely.

hameward, homeward.

hand, hold.

hap, a wrap, warm piece of
clothing.

happing, hopping.

hauns, hands. The dropped
d is compensated for by the
lengthened vowel. Cp. Gr.
nominatives of the third
declension.

haslock, said of the finest wool;
the lock which grows on the
throat. 'Hals,' 'hawse,'
'hass,' the throat. Also
cp. 'fauces,' 'gorge,' the
defile, narrow passage of a
hill. A.S. and Mod. Ger.
'hals,' the neck, throat.

hauch, low-lying ground by a
river-side.

hawkie, a cow; properly a cow
with a white face.

healsome, wholesome.

hech, an exclamation, Dear me!

herd, one who tends cattle.

hilch, to limp, hobble.

hiltie-skiltie, helter-skelter, in
rapid succession and con-
fusion.

himsel, himself.

hing, hang.

hirple, to limp.

histle, dry.

hizzy, a hussy. Contracted for
'housewife.'

hoble, hobble.

hodden-gray, gray clothes of
the rustic, or 'hoyden.'

hogshouter, to justle with the shoulder.

hoolie, take care, gently. 'Hooly and fairly,' soft and smooth. Ger. 'höflich.'

hosting, coughing.

host-provoking, causing coughs.

howe, a hollow, a dell.

howebackit, hollow-backed.

howk, to dig; 'holk' and 'holl' are provincial variations. Connect with 'hollow.'

hoyle, to move as quick as one can, but very stiffly and clumsily.

hurdiess, hips.

Icker, an ear of corn. A.S. 'accer,' ear of corn.

ilk, every.

ilka, each, every; 'ilk,' the same. For the formation, cp. 'thilk' = this, 'whilk' = which. Both 'ilka' and 'ilk' are from the same pronominal base as 'it.' Lat. 'is.'

indenting, entering on a written obligation.

ingle, the fire. Gael. 'anigeal.'

ingle-check, the fire-side.

ingle-lowe, the light or glow of the fire.

Jad, jade.

jauk, joke.

jauntie, little jaunt or journey for pleasure.

jink, to make a quick turn, elude, cheat, trick. 'High jinks' are great games.

jouk, duck down. Ger. 'zucken,' to shrug.

jundie, to jog with the elbow, nudge.

Kail-yard, cabbage-garden.

'Kale' is any kind of cabbage, and means also the broth in which cabbage and greens of all kinds are mixed. Cp. Lat. 'caulis.'

kane, duty paid by a tenant to a landlord in kind, usually of live animals, as kain-fowl. Gaelic 'ceann,' the head, tribute, or poll-tax.

kebbuck, cheese. Gael. 'cabag.'

keek, peep.

ken, to know. Ger. 'kennen;'

Lat. 'gn-osco;'

Gr. γυν-ἄρα.

kimmer, companion, wife.

kirn, feast at harvest-home.

kittle, to tickle. A.S. 'citel-an;'

also as an adjective, 'ticklish,'

'nice.'

knaggie, having knags or knobs.

Gael. 'cnag,' a knob.

knowe, a knoll. The -ll softens

into -ow, as in 'howe,'

'dowie.'

kye, cows, kine; vowel modified in plural. 'Kine' is

really a double plural.

Laigh, low. Connect with 'lie.'

lailh, loth.

lailhfu, loathful.

lane, alone. 'A' my lane,' all

by myself.

lanely, lonely.

lang syne, time long past, long

since.

lap, leapt; preterite of 'leap.'

lave, the rest, other people,

those that are left. Greek

λείπω, λοιπός. Lat. 'linguo.'

laverock, lark. A.S. 'laferk.'

lay, *ley*, or *lea*, the field which

is allowed to 'lie' untilled;

a meadow or pasture. A.S.

'leag,' pasture.

lea'e, leave.

lear, learning, lore. To 'lare'

- or 'lear' is either to teach or to learn. Cp. German 'lehren,' 'lehre,' 'lernen.'
- lee-lang*, live-long.
- len'*, lend.
- ley*, v. lay.
- leeze*. 'Leeze me on,' a blessing on; 'lief is me on,' dear is to me on. Cp. 'lief,' 'lever,' 'rather;' and Ger. 'lieb,' 'lieben,' 'liebe,' love.
- licket*, struck, beaten.
- lift*, the sky. Ger. 'lüft,' that which is lifted up; so heaven from heave.
- lint*, flax. Lat. 'linum.'
- lintwhite*, linnét. A. S. 'linetwige.' Observe the tendency of language to create for itself false syllables. 'White as lint' might seem to be the derivation of 'lintwhite.' So the English sailors called Nelson's ship the 'Billy Ruffian' instead of 'Bellerophon.' So the 'lilac-tree' is called in Scotland the 'lily-oak.'
- lippen*, to trust to, put confidence in. Ger. 'glauben,' believe, for 'ge-lauben.'
- loan*, or *loaning*, a narrow enclosed way, a path for cattle. Connect with 'lane.'
- loof*, the palm of the hand.
- loosing - time*, evening. Cf. βουλευνός.
- leap*, to leap, or a leap.
- lo'e*, love.
- lowe*, a flame, a glow.
- lucky*, a name given to the mistress of the house, expressing the good - luck which she brings with her.
- lug*, an ear.
- luggie*, a wooden vessel with lugs or ears. Cp. 'diota.'
- luntin*, sending out smoke in puffs.
- lyart*, mixed with gray, gray-haired. Gael. 'liadh,' gray; for the introduction of the *r* see 'droukit.'
- lynin*, lining.
- Mae*, more. 'Mo' occurs as late as in Shakespeare. A. S. 'ma,' 'Mae,' 'mair,' 'maist,' or mo, more, most, seem to be the regular comparisons.
- mailin*, a farm, from 'mail,' the rent or tribute which the tenant pays.
- mark*, a Scottish silver coin, worth thirteen pence and one-third of a pennysterling.
- mair*, more.
- maist*, most, mostly, almost.
- marled*, marbled, mottled.
- mawkin*, a hare. Gael. 'maigh-each,' puss, greymalkin.
- maun*, *maunna*, must, must not.
- mavis*, thrush.
- meere*, mare.
- meikle*, much. Cf. Gr. μεγάλη.
- messin-dog*, a dog, usually a pet-dog. Said to be connected with 'maison,' a house-dog.
- minnie*, mother, a term of endearment. Ger. 'minne,' 'minnen,' love.
- monie*, many.
- mottie*, dark, full of moles.
- mouldiewort*, mole. Ger. 'moldwarp,' mold and werfen, the animal which throws up the earth or mould. The mould-board of the plough is called the 'mowdiewarp - burd,' which retains the earlier form more exactly.

muckle, much. See 'meikle.'
muslin-kail, broth made without meat out of a 'maschlin' or mixture of vegetables.

Na, not.
nappy, ale.
neive, the fist.
nocht, nothing, nought.
nowte, cattle. Cp. 'neat,' 'neat-herd.'

O', of.
och, alas ! a Gaelic exclamation.
o't, of it.
ony, any.
ourie, chill, shivering.
oursel', ourselves.
out owre, out over, far along.
owre, over. 'Owre true,' too true.
owsen, oxen.

Pack, pack and thick, on close and friendly terms.
paidle, to paddle as children do.
painch, paunch.
pains, rheumatism.
paitrick, partridge.
parishen, the parish. Properly 'parochin,' from mediæval Lat. 'parocchia;' the termination remains in 'parishioner.' 'Parishen' in Chaucer means not parish, but parishioner—
 "But rather he would give withouten doubt
 Unto his poure parishens about."

parritch, porridge; oatmeal boiled in water and salt.
pattle, the stick with which the ploughman clears away the earth which clings to the plough.
pawky, cunning, sly, in a good sense. A. S. 'paccan,' to deceive.
pechan, stomach. From *pech*

to pant; as from the stomach puffs and pants may be supposed to issue.

penny-fee, small earnings.
phraisin, exaggerated phrases, flattering.

pint-stoup, measure of a pint.

pit, put.

platie, little plate.

pleugh, plough.

poind, to seize, sequestration, to distrain, to put in pawn.
 Ger. 'pfand.'

poortith, poverty.

pou, pull.

pouchie, little pouch or pocket.
 Fr. 'poche.'

pouthery, powdery, fine as powder.

pow, the head, poll.

prent, print.

prief, proof.

puir, poor.

Quat, quitted.

quean, a young woman. A. S. 'cwen,' a woman. The history of 'cwen' is a good instance of the tendency in words to specialize their own meanings. 'Cwen' is a woman, a wife, a queen. 'Cwen,' meaning simply female, still remains in the queen-bee. The word of the text is commonly used as a word of reproach—'a useless quean.'

Rair't, would have roared.

raise, to excite, provoke. Compare Ger. 'rasen,' to be furious.

ram-stam, forward, thoughtless.

rant, to act foolishly, in noisy mirth. Ger. 'randten,' to be mad.

rantingly, carelessly.

rap, a knock at the door.

rape, a rope.

raploch, coarse, rough. Literally a substantive, meaning coarse woollen cloth. The 'lock' as 'raped' or torn from the animal.

rattan, a rat. Gael. 'radan.'

raw, row.

rax, to stretch the limbs, 'reach' out.

ream, cream, forming a top like cream.

red, told, I have received information. 'Red,' 'rede,' to counsel. 'Rede,' counsel, as in the proverb "Short rede, good rede." Ger. 'rath.'

red-wat-shod, shod with the wetness of blood. On this word Mr. Carlyle says: "Our Scottish forefathers in the battle-field struggled forward 'redwatshod.' In this one word a full vision of horror and carnage, perhaps too frightfully accurate for it."

rede, advice. Ger. 'rath.'

reek, smoke. 'Rook' is thin mist. Ger. 'rauch,' smoke.

red, to whirl round in confused motion.

reestit, became restive. Latin 'restare.'

requit, requital, as a quittance. *rief*, theft; 'rieve,' to steal, plunder; 'riever,' a robber.

rig, a ridge. In Gawain Douglas used for the back of an animal. Ger. 'rücken.' By a converse process the ridge of a mountain is sometimes called a 'hog's back.' Cf. also 'saddle-yoke,' the name of a steep mountain in Dumfriesshire.

riggin, the ridge; as it were, the back-bone of a house.

rin, run.

ripp, a handful of corn not thrashed. A.S. 'ripe.' Cf. 'rist,' to rip, to tear off.

riskit, make a noise like the tearing of roots. A.S. 'wris-cian,' to crackle.

rive, to burst, tear. Cp. 'riven,' torn; 'rift,' a cleft in the rocks. 'Ravine' is probably from the same root, a fissure in the hills.

rock, a distaff.

row, roll.

rowth, abundance, plenty. Probably a Celtic word, unless it is for 'rolth,' enough to roll in.

rowtin, bellowing. A.S. 'wrotan,' to snore.

run, run deils, run into devils, fairly become devils.

Sae, so.

safi, soft.

sair, 'some less maun sair,' something less must serve.

sair, sore, painful, severe; 'sair-won,' won with difficulty, hard work.

sang, song.

sark, a shirt. A.S. 'syrk.' The 'Berserkers' were the men who fought in their bare shirts.

sarkit, provided with shirts.

saugh, a willow. A.S. 'salk,' 'salig;' Lat. 'salix.'

saul, soul.

saumont-coble, a boat for angling for salmon.

scaur, a bare place upon a hill-side. Scarborough = the town of the 'scaur.' Compare 'scart,' 'scratch,' 'scrape.'

scunner, to feel disgust ; a loathing.

screed, a rent, tear ; also a 'harangue,' a 'jaw.'

scrievin, moving quickly forward.

scrimpit, scanty, stinted. Ger. 'schrumpfen.'

scrimply, narrowly, sparingly.

shavie, a trick. Perhaps containing the same root as 'askew,' awry.

shaw, a wood.

shaw, show.

shear, to cut corn. Cp. 'shire,' 'plough-share.' German 'scheren.'

sheen, shining bright.

sheers, scissors.

sheugh, a ditch, trench. Ger. 'seuche,' a marsh. Jameson connects with Lat. 'sulcus,' 'sulcare.'

shiel, a cottage, or hut.

shoon, shoes.

sic, such.

sidelins, sideways.

silly, foolish, weak, helpless.

Ger. 'selig.' The original meaning is blessed. Hence it is applied to those whose minds are weak from the notion that they are under the special protection of God. In Liddesdale, however, 'silly' means good, worthy.

sin', since.

skiegh, apt to startle, skittish, shy. Ger. 'scheuch,' timid.

skelp, a blow, properly with the open hand ; verb, to move in rapid succession.

sklent, a slant, an odd turn.

sklent, slanted. So 'sklender' for slender, 'sklate' for slate.

skriegh, shriek, scream, screech.

Fr. 'écrier ;' Eng. 'cry.'

slaps, flashes ; slaps or hits the mark.

slee, sly. Ger. 'schlug,' clever.

sleekit, sleek.

sleest, slyest.

slypet, fallen gently over.

Connect with 'slip,' 'slope.'

sma', small.

smeech, smoke.

smiddy, smithy ; the smith, smiter.

smytrie, a number of little ones ; 'smyte,' a particle ; 'smatchet,' a child.

snapper, stumble.

snash, abuse.

snaw, snow.

snawy, snowy.

sned, cut, prune. German 'schneiden,' to cut.

sneeshin, sneezing, snuff.

sneeshin-mill, snuff-box.

snell, sharp and keen. Ger. 'schnell.'

snick, the sound of the 'sneck,' or latchet of the door.

snool, cringe, submit tamely.

snoove, to go on at a steady pace.

snowkit, to sniff or snuff with the nose, like 'sneeshin,' 'snuff,' probably connected in derivation with 'nose.'

sodger, soldier.

sonsie, comely, with a pleasant, good-natured look ; a 'sonsy lass.' Derivation sons, prosperity, abundance ; from Gaelic 'sonas.' This word occurs in a poetic passage of Wyntoun :

"When Alexander our king was deid,
That Scotland ruled in love and le;
Away was sons of ale and breid,
Of wine and wax, of gamyn and glee."

sowth, whistle to oneself in a low tone.

sowther, solder together, make up a quarrel.

spale, a flood in a stream. Gael. 'speid,' a flood; 'spe,' foam.

spavie, the spavin; lameness of horses.

speel, climb.

speir, to ask, inquire. Originally to search after, follow in the track of. Ger. 'spur,' 'spüren,' to trace.

spence, the cottage parlour.

sprattle, sprawl, scramble.

spreckle, speckled; for the *r* see 'droukit.'

spritty, full of 'sprats,' rushes with a tough and matted root.

squad, small company, diminutive from squadron.

stacher, stagger.

staggie, little stag.

stane, stone.

stank, a pool, or pond. Lat. 'stagnum.'

stant, stood.

stark, strong, powerful. Ger. 'stark,' strong.

staw, stole.

stechin, cramming with food. Ger. 'sticken,' to suffocate.

steek, a stitch. Connect with 'stick,' to pierce.

steer, to stir, rouse.

steve, stout, firm, steady, stiff. Ger. 'steif.'

sten, for 'stend,' a spring, leap. Fr. 'étendre.'

stent, reared, leaped up.

stents, assessments for taxation. Mediæval Latin 'extenta,' a valuation.

stey, steep; 'sty,' a steep ascent. Ger. 'steg,' a hill-path; 'steigen,' to ascend.

stibble, stubble.

stimpart, the fourth part of a peck.

stook, a shock of corn standing in the fields.

stookit, corn arranged in stooks.

stoure, dust in motion, foam, disturbance; used in Spenser for the confusion of battle, of misfortune. Old French 'estour,' battle.

stown, stolen.

stoyte, stumble, stagger.

strang, strong.

strappan, strapping, tall and handsome.

straught, straight.

sturt, vex, trouble; or, as a substantive, vexation. Cp. 'stir.' Ger. 'stürzen.'

sud, should.

sugh, the sound of wind in the trees; also the 'sough of the sea.' Chaucer has 'swough' (*The Knight's Tale*, v. 1121)—

"First on the wal was peynted a forest,
In which ther ran a swymbel in a swough,
As though a storm schulde bersten every
bough."

sumph, a soft, foolish fellow. Perhaps connected with Ger. 'sumpf,' swamp, wet ground which gives no hold.

swank, clean-limbed, able to work.

swat, sweated.

syne, afterwards, of future time. 'As good soon as syne,' a proverb = what must happen had better happen at once; also of past time, lang syne, long since, long ago.

Tae, toe.

tae, to.

tak, take.

tane, the one; the tane and the tither = the one and the

other. The original form is that one and that other; that = Ger. 'das,' the neuter of the definite article. The *t* has been prefixed to the numeral.

tacn, taken.

tassie, diminutive of 'tass,' a cup. Fr. 'tasse,' a cup.

tawie, tame, tractable, that may be led by the hand. Ger. 'zieh-en,' to draw, Eng. 'tug.' To taw, is only used of a child sucking eagerly at the breast. Cp. 'draught,' from draw, and vulgarly a 'pull.'

tawted, matted, shaggy.

tent, substantive, heed, attention. 'Tak tent and tak time,' be careful and not in a hurry. Verb, to mark, give heed, watch over. Cp. 'attend,' 'tend.'

tentie, attentive, careful.

tentless, careless.

thack, thatch. 'Thack an rape,' thatch and rope, with which stacks are covered, is used for 'in good order,' 'well clothed and fed.' Connect with 'teg-o.'

thae, those, plural of that; 'thir' = these, plural of this.

theekit, thatched.

thegether, together.

thick, close packed, intimate, friendly.

thole, suffer, endure. A.S. 'thol-ian'; Ger. 'dulden,' 'ge-duld.' The root appears in Greek in $\tau\lambda\eta\psi\alpha\iota$, $\tau\phi\lambda\mu\alpha\nu$, 'A- $\tau\lambda$ -as; in Latin in 'tul-i,' '(t) l-atum,' 'tol-lo.' The 'thole-pins' or 'thowls' of a boat are the part which bears the weight of the oars.

'Tholemoody' = of an enduring temper, patient, is an expressive old word.

thrang, busy. Ger. 'drang,' violence, pressing forward; 'throng.'

thrave, two shocks of corn, twenty-four sheaves.

thraw, to twist, strain, pull out of joint. Connect with 'throw,' 'throe,' 'torquere.'

thretteen, thirteen.

thrum, to strike with the finger.

tight, resolute; 'accinctus,' ready for action; participle of 'tie.'

till't, to it.

timmer, timber, wood. Ger. 'zimmer.'

tinkler, one who tinkers; *i.e.* rivets old pots and pan; a meaning derived from the 'tink' or 'tinkling' sound of the tin; a tinker. 'Gipsy' is derived from E-gyp-tian, from the belief that the gipsies came from Egypt. Their language proves them to be of pure Indian extraction.

tint, lost; participle of 'tine,' to lose. 'Tyne heart, tyne a', = lose heart, lose everything. 'Tyne' is also used as a middle = to perish, to be lost. Cp. Eng. 'teen,' Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, act. i. sc. 2—

Miranda— "O my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd
you to,
Which is from my remembrance!"

tither, the other. Cp. *tane*.

tocher, dower brought by a wife.

tousie, rough, shaggy.

tow, rope, a trace made out of a rope. Cp. 'tow' and Ger. 'ziehen.'

townmond, a twelvemonth.

toyte, to totter with age. A child is called a 'little tot;' in Ayrshire, a 'little toyte.'

trowth, in truth.

tryste, an appointment to meet. 'To set tryst,' 'to keep or bide tryste,' 'to break tryst;' to make, keep, break an engagement. Connect with 'trust,' 'trusty.'

tug, a trace made of raw hide. Derivation same as 'tow,' 'tug,' 'ziehen.'

twa, two.

twalpennie, twelpennyworth. *tyke*, a cur, an ill-bred dog of largish size.

Uncaring, disregarding.

unco, for 'uncouth,' 'unknown.'

The word has several uses. As an adjective 'unco tales,' strangestories; an 'unco fule,' a very great fool; or as an adverb 'unco pretty,' very pretty.

unco, substantive, a strange story, a piece of news.

undaunting, without fear. To 'daunt' is used as a middle verb, 'to feel fear,' as well as actively 'to excite fear.'

unkenned, unknown; 'ken,' to know.

Vauntie, proud; apt to 'vaunt' or boast.

vera, very.

Wa', wall.

wad, would.

wadna, would not.

wae, substantive = wo, sorrow; 'wae is me,' me being dative. Adjective = sorrowful; to be woe for something. Derivation probably from 'wa' or

'weh,' an interjection to express sorrow.

wage, pledge.

wair, to spend. 'Ware' is price; whence 'ware,' 'wares,' merchandise. A. S. 'wer,' blood-money, man's price.

wale, to choose, well-wailed, well-chosen. Ger. 'wählen,' to choose.

wan, did win.

ware, worn.

warl, world.

warlock-brief, wizard power.

warly, worldly.

wastrie, waste, extravagance.

wauble, to wobble, to reel, move uncertainly.

waught, a draught.

waukin, watching.

waukit, hardened with work.

To 'wauk' = is to full cloth.

waur, worse.

waur't, put you to the worse, beaten.

wean, a child; a 'wee ane,' a little one.

wee, little, small. 'Wait a wee,' wait a little.

weeder-clips, a wooden instrument for pulling weeds out of standing corn. 'Clips' is an old word for 'grappling-irons. 'Clip,' to embrace. Connect with 'cling,' 'cleave to.'

weel, well.

weet, wet, dew, rain.

westlin, blowing from the West.

Cp. the sun 'had sloped his westerling wheel.' Also 'westlin jingle' is for westland, west country jingle.

wha, who.

whaizle, wheeze; to make a sound in breathing.

whalpit, whelped, littered.

whid, a nimble movement.
whir, to make the sound which a partridge or grouse does in rising.
whisht, an ejaculation meaning 'hush,' 'be silent;' used as a substantive, 'I held my whisht,' I neither spoke nor stirred.
whiskit, whisked.
whunstone, a whinstone, trap.
whyles, at times.
wi, with.
widdle, contention, struggling forwards. 'Widdle' is usually a verb, 'The bairn widdles over the dike,' climbs the wall on all-fours as best he may. Connect with German 'wedeln,' to move the tail.
wight, a man. Connect with 'wight' strong, a strong man.
wimplin, winding, meandering. To 'wimple' is to wrap, wind, or fold. Ger. 'wimpeln.'
win, wind.
winna, will not.
winnin, winning, perfecting, bringing to an end.
winnock, window. 'Wind,' the upper part of the house and 'auge' eye; the eye of the upper part of the house.
winsome, cheerful, lovely, lovable. Cp. Ger. 'wonne,' joy.
wintle, to move unsteadily, like the 'wind.'
wonner, wonder, *tépas*; a prodigious birth.
woodie, a with of willow. Ger. 'weid-e,' a willow; Greek *tréa*.
wow, an exclamation of surprise.

wrang, wrong.
wreaths, wreaths.
worstle, wrestle.

Yerkit, worked up, excited. Connect with 'jirk;' probably also with 'irk,' 'irk-some.'

yestreen, yester een, yesterday evening.

yill, ale.

yird, the earth. The history of this word marks the manner in which names are given to things according to some quality, which at the time when the name is created is uppermost in men's thoughts. As time goes on, this original meaning is forgotten, and use and wont specialises the word's meaning. Earth is that which is eared or ploughed; the special attribute of the ground in a people which had lately or hardly emerged into agricultural habits. This meaning is long since forgotten, and the 'yird' is by pre-eminence the churchyard. 'To yerd' is 'to bury.' Thus a word which in itself has another meaning receives a special meaning from another attribute of the thing to which it was first applied.

yokin, yoking horses to the plough, a set-to at anything.

yont, for a yont, beyond.

yoursel, yourself, yourselves.

yowes, ewes.

HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

Edited by

THE REV. M. CREIGHTON, M.A.

LATE FELLOW AND TUTOR OF MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD

With Maps and Plans.

THE most important and the most difficult point in historical teaching is to awaken a real interest in the minds of beginners. For this purpose concise handbooks are seldom useful. General sketches, however accurate in their outlines of political or constitutional development, and however well adapted to dispel false ideas, still do not make history a living thing to the *young*. They are most valuable as maps on which to trace the route beforehand and show its direction, but they will seldom allure any one to take a walk.

The object of this series of Historical Biographies is to try and select from English History a few men whose lives were lived in stirring times. The intention is to treat their lives and times in some little detail, and to group round them the most distinctive features of the periods before and after those in which they lived.

It is hoped that in this way interest may be awakened without any sacrifice of accuracy, and that personal sympathies may be kindled without forgetfulness of the principles involved.

It may be added that around the lives of individuals it will be possible to bring together facts of social life in a clearer way, and to reproduce a more vivid picture of particular times than is possible in a historical handbook.

By reading short biographies a few clear ideas may be formed in the pupil's mind, which may stimulate to further reading. A vivid impression of one period, however short, will carry the pupil onward and give more general histories an interest in their turn. Something, at least, will be gained if the pupil realises that men in past times lived and moved in the same sort of way as they do at present.

The series contains the following Biographies:—

Now ready, Price 2s. 6d. each.

SIMON DE MONTFORT.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

Nearly Ready.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON;
Oxford and Cambridge.

SELECT PLAYS OF SHAKSPERE

RUGBY EDITION.

With an Introduction and Notes to each Play.

AS YOU LIKE IT. 2s.

Edited by the Rev. CHARLES E. MOBERLY, M.A., Assistant-Master in Rugby School, and formerly Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford.

"This is a handy, clearly printed school edition of Shakspeare's bright play. The notes are sensible, and not overdone, and the Introduction is helpful."—*Athenæum*.

"The notes are clear, to the point, and brief, and for the most part excellent."—*Standard*.

MACBETH. 2s. *Edited by the SAME.*

"A very excellent text, very ably annotated."—*Standard*.

"The plan of giving a brief sketch of each character in the play lends additional interest to it for the young learner. The notes are mainly explanatory, and serve the same useful purpose of clearing away difficulties from the path of the young reader. Of all school Shaksperes, this seems to us considerably the best."—*Educational Times*.

HAMLET. 2s. 6d. *Edited by the SAME.*

"The Introductions in this edition are particularly good, rising above the dull level of antiquarianism into a region of intelligent and sympathetic comment and analysis not often reached in school-books. The Rugby Edition will do well either for school or home reading."—*London Quarterly Review*.

CORIOLANUS. 2s. 6d.

Edited by ROBERT WHITELAW, M.A., Assistant-Master in Rugby School, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

"The way in which the play is edited displays careful scholarship, and the whole edition is extremely well adapted for school use."—*Educational Times*.

"This number of the Rugby Edition of Select Plays of Shakspeare we think the best of the series. There is more effort than before to bring out the characteristics of the central figure of the play, the notes are fuller, and the glossary too."—*Athenæum*.

THE TEMPEST. 2s.

Edited by J. SURTEES PHILLPOTTS, M.A., Head-Master of Bedford Grammar School, formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford.

KING LEAR.

Edited by the Rev. CHARLES E. MOBERLY, M.A.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Edited by R. W. TAYLOR, M.A., Assistant-Master in Rugby School.

Educational Works.

Stories from Ovid in Elegiac Verse. With Notes for School use, and Marginal References to the Public School Primer. By R. W. TAYLOR, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Assistant-Master in Rugby School.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Selections from Livy, Books VIII. and IX. For School use. With Notes and Map. By E. CALVERT, LL.D., St. John's College, Cambridge, some time Assistant-Master in Shrewsbury School; and R. SAWARD, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Assistant-Master in Shrewsbury School.

Small 8vo. 2s.

Progressive Exercises in Latin Elegiac Verse. By C. G. GEPP, B.A., late Junior Student of Christ Church, Oxford; Classical Master in Queen Elizabeth's College, Guernsey.

Third Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. *Tutor's Key*, 5s.

Selections from Lucian.

With English Notes. By EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., Lecturer in Balliol College, Oxford, and late Assistant-Master in Clifton College.

Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Elements of Greek

Accidence. With Philological Notes. By EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, Author of "Selections from Lucian, with English Notes."

Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Scenes from Greek Plays.

Rugby Edition. Abridged and adapted for the use of Schools, by ARTHUR SIDGWICK, M.A., Assistant-Master at Rugby School, and formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Small 8vo. 1s. 6d. each.

ARISTOPHANES.

THE CLOUDS. THE FROGS. THE KNIGHTS. PLUTUS.

EURIPIDES.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. THE CYCLOPS.

ION. ELECTRA. ALCESTIS. BACCHÆ.

HECUBA.

The Æneid of Virgil.

Books XI. and XII. Edited, with Notes at the end, by FRANCIS STORR, B.A., Chief Master of Modern Subjects in Merchant Taylors' School, late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Bell University Scholar.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Campaigns of Napo-

leon. The Text (in French) from M. THIERS' "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," and "Histoire de la Révolution Française." Edited, with English Notes, for the use of Schools, by EDWARD E. BOWEN, M.A., Master of the Modern Side, Harrow School.

With Maps. Crown 8vo.

ARCOLA. 4s. 6d. MARENGO. 4s. 6d.

JENA. 3s. 6d. WATERLOO. 6s.

Select Plays of Shakspeare.

Rugby Edition. With an Introduction and Notes to each Play.

Small 8vo.

AS YOU LIKE IT. 2s.; paper cover, 1s. 6d.

Edited by the Rev. CHARLES E. MOBERLY, M.A., Assistant-Master in Rugby School, and formerly Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford.

MACBETH. 2s.; paper cover, 1s. 6d.

Edited by the Same.

CORIOLANUS. 2s. 6d.; paper cover, 2s.

Edited by ROBERT WHITELAW, M.A., Assistant-Master in Rugby School, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

HAMLET. 2s. 6d.; paper cover, 2s.

Edited by the Rev. CHARLES E. MOBERLY, M.A.

KING LEAR.

Edited by the same.

THE TEMPEST.

Edited by J. S. PHILLPOTTS, M.A., Head-Master of Bedford School, formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Edited by R. W. TAYLOR, M.A., Assistant-Master at Rugby School.

Catena Classicorum

A Series of Classical Authors. Edited by Members of both Universities, under the Direction of the Rev. Arthur Holmes, M.A., late Senior Fellow and Dean of Clare College, Cambridge; and the Rev. Charles Bigg, M.A., late Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford; Principal of Brighton College.

Sophoclis Tragoediae.

THE ELECTRA, 3s. 6d. **THE AJAX**, 3s. 6d.
 Edited by R. G. Jebb, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Public Orator of the University.

Juvenalis Satirae.

Edited by G. A. Simcox, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. 5s.

Thucydidis Historia.

Books I. and II., with Introductions. Edited by Chas. Bigg, M.A., late Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford; Principal of Brighton College. 6s.

Books III. and IV. Edited by G. A. Simcox, M.A. 6s.

Demosthenis Orationes Publicae.

THE OLYNTHIACS, 2s. 6d. **THE PHILIPPICS**, 3s. **DE FALSA LEGATIONE**, 6s.

Edited by G. H. Heslop, M.A., late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford; Head Master of St. Bees.

Demosthenis Orationes Privatae.

DE CORONA, 5s.
 Edited by the Rev. Arthur Holmes, M.A., late Senior Fellow and Dean of Clare College, Cambridge.

Aristophanis Comoediae.

THE ACHARNIANS and THE KNIGHTS, 4s. **THE CLOUDS**, 3s. 6d. **THE WASPS**, 3s. 6d.

Edited by W. C. Green, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; Assistant Master at Rugby School.

An Edition of **THE ACHARNIANS and THE KNIGHTS**, Revised and especially adapted for Use in Schools. 4s.

Isocratis Orationes.

AD DEMONICUM ET PANEGYRICUS, 4s. 6d.
 Edited by John Edwin Sandys, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Classical Lecturer at Jesus College, Cambridge.

Persii Satirae.

Edited by A. Pretor, M.A., Fellow of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, Classical Lecturer of Trinity Hall. 3s. 6d.

Homeri Ilias.

Edited by S. H. Reynolds, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. Books I. to XII. 6s.

Terenti Comoediae.

ANDRIA ET EUNUCHUS, 4s. 6d.
ANDRIA. With Introduction on Prosody. 3s. 6d.
 Edited by T. L. Papillon, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford, late Fellow of Merton.

Herodoti Historia.

Edited by H. G. Woods, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. Book I., 6s. Book II., 5s.

Horati Opera.

By J. M. Marshall, M.A., Under-Master of Dulwich College, late Fellow and Lecturer at Trinity College, Oxford.
 Vol. I. Epodes. 7s. 6d.

Taciti Hist.

Edited by
 Books I. and II. College, Oxford.

Cambridge.

